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The Great Weekly.

THE

HARRISBURG PATRIOT!

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A gigantic Debt, which the honor of the country is pledged to pay, encumbers all our industries with its oppressive burden. Nevertheless our systems of Municipal and State Taxation are crude, unequal, and defraud the poor to release the rich. Nevertheless our system of Federal Taxation is such an infamous masterpiece of ignorance and incapacity, put to the vile uses of monopolists and favorites and thieves, as never anywhere has disgraced modern civilization since Louis XIV., with his methods of taxation rather than its amount, paralyzed the industries of France. And along with the Tariff, which prohibits the export of our manufactures, abridges the number of our industries, cuts down the profits on the exports from all our farms, plantations and mines; abolishes our shipping from off the high seas, and filches $5 from the people's pockets every time it puts $1 into the U. S. Treasury,—along with this engine of oppression, stupidity and fraud goes a Currency of fluctuating value as the measure of values in every act of domestic exchange.

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How the Gates Came Ajar.

"Twas whispered one morning in heaven,
That the little child angel, May,
In the shadow of the great white portal
Sat sorrowing night and day;
How she said to the stately warden,
He of the key and bar,
"O angel! dear angel! I pray you
Let the beautiful gates ajar."

"I can hear my mother weeping—
She is lonely and cannot see
A glimpse of the light in the darkness
Where the gates shut after me;
O turn once the key, dear angel,
The splendor will shine so far
But the angel answered, "I dare not
Let the beautiful gates ajar."

Then up rose Mary the blessed,
Sweet Mary, the mother of Christ,
Her hand on the hand of the angel
She laid, and the touch sufficed—
Turned was the key in the portal,
Unloosed was the golden bar,
And lo! in the angel child's fingers
Stood the beautiful gates ajar.

"And the key for no farther using
To my blessed Son shall be given,"
Said Mary, the mother of Jesus,
Tenderest heart in heaven.
Now there's never a sad-eyed mother
But may catch the glory afar,
Since safe in the Saviour's bosom
Are the keys of the gates ajar.

DOOM OF THE "BETSY JANE."

CHAPTER I.

"See how upon her gallant course she goes,
Her white wings flying never from her foes;
Who would not cash a twenty dollar check
To move yee monarch of her painted deck?"
—BYRON.

O, Love! the well-spring alike of man's highest earthly hope and joy, and of man's darkest earthly gloom and despair! But for the flame which thou shine inextinguishable torch dost kindle upon the altar of human hearts, a gallant bark now slumbering far down where the purple mullet and the gold-fish rove would still come home to her haven under the hill, and the novelist had not been called upon to add this strangely thrilling story to the beautiful constellation of American literature!

It was about the middle of the afternoon on the 15th of June, in the year 1867, that a beautifully modeled smack, bark-rigged and painted a lovely pea-green, lay quietly at anchor off Spanish Alley in the harbor of Mobile. Not a cloud dimmed the cerulean splendor of the beautiful aboon; not a zephyr disturbed with a touch of its invisible pinion the calm surface of the Bay, nor kissed the snowy blosoms of the magnolias clustering on the shore. All nature seemed to have read an article in the Daily ——, or to have taken some other narcotic and fallen quietly to sleep. The scene was one of peculiar tranquility. Upon the wharf stood a solitary dray, the horse attached thereto quietly but feloniously nibbling at a bale of hay. It was indeed a time for memory and for tears.

The Betsy Jane—the Eagle of the Sea, as she was fondly named by her gallant crew—lay as still and undisturbed upon the waters as a painted duck upon a painted pond. Suddenly a tall, majestic form appeared upon her hurricane deck, and walking proudly to the starboard bulk-head, exclaimed in tones, which rang out upon the stagnant air like the notes of a trumpet:

"Boatswain, ahoy!"

"Aye, aye, sir," answered a stentorian voice abaft the mizzen capstan.

And at the same moment there stepped forth a person of Herculean frame, whose garb consisting principally of a pair of trowsers and a shirt collar bespoke him every inch a sailor. Touching his tarpaulin with the fore-finger of his right hand by way of salute, he waited respectfully for the commands of his superior officer.

"Belay the quadrant and report instantly the hour," said the captain with a fearful frown, at the same time bending upon his subordinate a brow with passion as dark as midnight.

The boatswain descended the narrow steps leading to the binnacle, and in a few moments returned to the deck, and, again touching his hat, said:

"Just on the stroke of three bells, your excellency."

"Now then, inexorable dog, begone!" exclaimed the captain, with a frown more fearful than the first.

Knowing that disobedience was death, the man turned to obey, when the captain cried in a voice of thunder:

"But hold!"

And instantly the boatswain held.

"Have you reefed the forecastle abaft the marlin spike, as diverted?" asked the captain, with a look that showed that he was not to be trifled with.

"Aye, aye, sir," was the reply.

"And have you lashed the mainmast to the jibboom and farled the after yard-arm?"

"Aye, aye, sir," was again the reply.

"Then immediately belay the main-jack, brace the forward davits, and let the anchor be taken aboard and weighed."

In ten minutes the boatswain returned and reported the captain's orders fully executed.

"Very well," said that officer "now unfurl the starboard locker, brace the stern-sheet halyards, and head her out to sea."

The order was obeyed with the rapidity of magic, and the Betsy Jane, with her topgallant hatchway spread like a snowy cloud to catch the freshening breeze, was soon sweeping like a majestic swan through the rippling waters of the bay.

Upon the deck still stood her commanding officer, the chivalrous Captain De Pompano. But the splendor of the scene around him brought no emotion of pleasure to his heaving breast. Alas, within that breast an insatiate vulture browsed upon the once green leaves of hope and happiness, and had already rendered it as as barren and desolate as the dreariest solitude of the Arabian desert! That insatiate fowl was the vulture of unrequited love:

"His life was in the yellow leaf;
The fruits and flowers of love were gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Were his alone!"

The victim of scorned and slight affection! Alas! hot punches, nor brandy cocktails, nor all the drowsy julips in the world, can medicine him to the sweet sleep he knew yesterday! No longer the obsequious lover! but now the embodied spirit of Vengeance; and every breath he drew was the slogan of immortal wrong!

CHAPTER II.

"She was a phantom of delight,
The brightest star in beauty's skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
Met in her aspect and her eyes."
WORDSWORTH.

Maud Geraldine Fitzperkins was almost the only daughter of her doting parents, of which they had two. Her doting parents, it is true, had one other female child, but as she was turned of her thirtieth year and was still unmarried, they had ceased to count her. Beautiful as a dream amid the flowers, it is no wonder that Maud Fitzperkins was the idol of her parents.

Fair as a lily,
Lovely as the rose,
Every day her beauty
Sweeter charms disclose.

The buttercups and jonquils of but nineteen springs had bloomed along her umbrageous pathway, and the frost of nineteen winters had left untouched their serene freshness. The winds of heaven had not been permitted to visit her cheeks too roughly, and scarcely a dozen freckles marred their alabaster loveliness. Her father was one of the wealthiest residents of Spanish Alley, and could well afford to lavish upon his almost only daughter every luxury the market afforded. Petted and spoiled by the entire household, she knew not the agony of a wish ungratified. Did she sigh for a bait of fresh oysters?—her adoring mother cheerfully handed her four bits to buy them. Did she dream of a new set of patent hoops?—her idolizing father instantly drew forth a dollar and a half and told her to go and get them. Did she order her embroidered skirts to be starched and done up for a picnic excursion to Fascati?—her worshiping sister immediately put the iron to the fire. In short there was no endearing tenderness that wealth could purchase that was not lavished upon the petted and spoiled Maud Fitzperkins—the belle of Spanish Alley.

Such was the heroine of our story at the time the gallant Betsy Jane shook her sails to the breeze on the memorable 15th of June, 1867. In gazing upon her peerless loveliness well might the poet exclaim:

"Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, hath flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
You'll find me out here alone:"

for to meander through beds of odiferous flowers, sparkling with crystal dew and kissed by the enamored beams of the rising sun—to wander thus and then with a being of such radiant beauty were indeed a touch of happiness beyond the bliss of dreams.

"Such was Maud Fitzperkins—
Such around her shone
The many spells of loveliness
Possessed by her alone."

But let us enter the splendid mansion in which she sweetly dwells and observe in what she gracely squanders the golden hours upon this beautiful spring morning. Upon her finger we place the ring of Gyges, or, in the absence of that, we invoke the aid of Asmodeus, and enter unseen and unannounced. Sweet, delicious privilege of the romancist, thus to invade at will the sacred penetralia of unsuspecting loveliness.

Upon a couple of chairs near the window of a gorgeous boodwor reclines *la belle* Maud, loviest she among the lovely. Her dovelike eyes, suffused with tender tears, are bent with inexpressible intentness upon the fascinating pages of one of Beadle's dime novels. Leaving her lost in the bewildering spell of romance, let us look around upon this apartment, furnished with more than oriental splendor. Upon a mantelpiece ingeniously painted in imitation of charcoal stands a comparatively antique clock framed in pure mahogany, a birthday present from her adoring father, who at a gift entertainment paid his money and took his choice. On either side of this wonderful piece of mechanism stands a vase of Anglo-Saxon china, the dark-brown hue of whose gilding attests its purity. From each of these priceless vases droops a magnolia blossom which Maud's own fair hands gathered during her last visit to Choctaw Point. On an elegant what-not—but why attempt to describe the innumerable articles of vertu and brickbattery scattered around with such lavish profusion—or the couch with its rose-hued mosquito drapery—the dainty but coquettishly soiled night-cap hanging upon the bedpost—the sea-island hose lying beneath the couch and bearing the indescribable hue which breathes an unanswerable argument in favor of that necessary evil the laundress—the empress trail hanging behind the door with the elliptic springs gleaming through their abraded coverings? Why note these exquisite evidences of taste, opulance and refinement, which all may describe, but which only the hand of genius can adequately imagine? Nor shall we attempt a description of the elegant wardrobe of the charming Maud. Suffice it to say, it is all that painting can express or youthful mantua-makers fancy when they love. Her *recherche* robe of pink mouslin de Merrimac, worn without belt, boo, or collar, and open at the back to give full play to the emotions with which her gentle breast is filled by the thrilling page over which her dewy eyes wander, lighting it up with their own subdued splendor; her raven hair, partly held in place by a dark comb ornamented with rows of vitreous pearls, and partly standing on end in affright at the terrors depicted in the volume before her; her full-orbed waterfall which she has not donned to-day, and which the playful kitten is romping on upon the hearth; these things we shall leave to the imagination of the reader.

CHAPTER III.

She never had in love been crossed
Who let this foolish maxim fall:
"'Twas better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
—FANNY KEMBLE.

At the conclusion of the last chapter we left the peerless Maud Fitzperkins seated at the window of her gorgeous boudoir reading the latest novel. As the gentle creature thus sat and read the story of love and romance, seeming unconscious that she was herself beloved—wildly, passionately beloved—and must ere long become the subject of the most wonderful romances, the door of her chamber turned noiselessly upon its hinges, and her sister—a sweet, gushing, full-blown rosebud of thirty summers, though carefully kept in the background, as if

"——born to blush unseen,
And waste her sweetness on the kitchen air,"

—the door, we say, turned, etc., and the sister of Maud entered the room, bearing in her hand a card.

Upon that card was inscribed the name of Captain de Pompano.

Maud cast an imperious glance at the name and exclaimed, with that petulance which is so winning in the maid and charming in the wife:

"My goodness gracious me! I do wonder what that fellow's come back here for? He's a fool if he thinks I'm going to have him."

"O Maud! he's such a nice fellow!" said her sister; "I am sure if he were to come to see me——"

"To see you!" and the willful young beauty burst into a silvery laughter, which was distinctly heard around the next block. "The idea of a gentleman coming to see you!" and again the flood of silvery laughter deluged the whole neighborhood. In the midst of it Gloriana—for such was the ridiculous creature's name—silently turned and left the apartment.

Maud at once laid aside her book, and having kicked the kitten across the room and adjusted her waterfall, she threw herself gracefully into her hoops, and descended to the parlor.

For well knew the belle of Spanish Alley that Captain de Pompano had come to pay her the highest compliment that man can pay to any woman—that he had come to offer her his heart and hand. Why, then, did she enter the parlor with a cloud upon her peerless brow and a smile of scorn upon her crimson lips? Because her lily finger was already zoned by the engagement ring of another!

Captain de Pompano was at no loss for words to declare his passion. He was a man of poetic temperament and extraordinary memory. His declaration had been cut and dried for the occasion, and now lay coiled upon the end of his tongue, like a string of many-colored beads. Man in such moments is prone to forget all he intended to say; but Captain de Pompano, ever distinguished for his presence of mind in peril's darkest hour, was complete master of the situation. Advancing to meet the lovely Maud as she walked proudly into the room, he took her by the hand, and kneeling upon the magnificent two-ply carpet he thus addressed her:

"Beautiful Maud—star of my life! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee; and when I love thee not chaos has come again! Speak but one word of hope and lift me to the seventh heaven of terrestrial happiness. Alas, those eyes beam not with the tender light of answering love, and those ruby lips speak only the inarticulate eloquence of scorn! Maud—Maud, cruel, cruel Maud! Oh, drive me not to despair! Tell me at least that your heart is free, and the sweet assurance will give me life!"

For some moments the gentle Maud could not speak. Her emotions were too numerous. Never had she read in any novel a more beautiful declaration of love than she had just heard. Of course she was not aware that Captain de Pompano had paid the author of this five dollars for writing it. It sounded so much like a delicious romance that she was tempted to forget her vows to another and answer him "dear for dear and sigh for sigh." But she speedily mastered the weakness and was herself again.

"You'd just as well get up and take a chair, cap'n," she said at last; "it's no use talking; you've come the day after the feast."

"Then you love another?" exclaimed Capt. de Pompano, springing to his feet, while streaks of chain-lightning flashed from his flaming eyes.

"I do," murmured the frightened girl, as she blushingly owned the soft impeachment.

"And are engaged to him?"

"I am."

"And his name is——"

"Captain O'Groupa, of the Martha Ann."

"Then, by all the saints, the perfidious O'Groupa dies!"

With a wild and piercing scream the stricken girl fainted and fell with her exquisite feet in the grate and her lovely head in the spittoon. Clearing the house at a single bound, having paused but to kick away the spittoon and adjust a stray hoop or two, Capt. de Pompano rushed frantically down the street, and dashing into "The Sailor's Repose," called for a claret punch.

The heart-broken lover was about to drown his sorrows in the dowing bowl.

Alas! how often are we called upon in this weary world to witness such scenes! How often do we see youth and genius squandering in the whirl of despair his inestimable postal currency for the intoxicating beverage!

CHAPTER IV.

No more shall feel the Captain's tread,
Nor sail the watery main;
The harpies of the Martha Ann
Have plucked the Betsy Jane.
—O. W. HOLMES.

The conclusion of the first chapter saw the white-winged Betsy Jane plowing her way "o'er the dark waters of the deep-blue Bay," as the poet tastefully observes. Upon her quarter-deck stood the unhappy De Pompano, for whom Hope had ceased to smile, and o'er whose wounded spirit fell Despair brooded like a demon dark as Erebus! As he strode the deck his brows indicated a breast swept by a tempest of thoughts too deep for tears! Ever and anon his eagle glance wandered, like an electric flash, far across the murmuring waves.

"If the log lie not," he at last muttered in a hoarse whisper, "we are nearing the mouth of Dog river. If the accursed hound is to return to the city to-night, it is high time he had left the shore."

Suddenly the man at the masthead announced a sail in sight.

"In what quarter?" cried Capt. De Pompano, while a fresh conflagration seemed to rage in his dark eyes.

"To the windward, abaft the headlight," was the reply.

Capt. De Pompano turned and gazed eagerly in the direction indicated. He instantly recognized the Martha Ann by the saucy cut of her jib. The recognition seemed to transform him into a mania demon. Dashing his spyglass against the scupper and flinging his hat overboard, he sprang into the rigging with the bound of an enraged tigress, and running up the mainmast hand over hand, he unfurled the black flag and nailed it to the topgallant yard-arm. Then descending the mast with the rapidity of a thunderbolt, he seized his meerschaum and fiercely piped all hands on deck.

When the crew, consisting of the boatswain, the cook, and the chambermaid, had assembled at the startling call, Capt. Pompano, with nostrils dilating, and eyes aflame, pointed to the ebon ensign floating darkly above them, and hoarsely exclained:

"Behold ye yonder flag?"

"We do, we do," shouted the crew in one voice.

"And do you see her?" exclaimed the captain in a voice of thunder, pointing to the Martha Ann, which came dashing on not a hundred yards distant.

"We do, we do!" again cried the crew, enthusiastically.

"Then clear the deck for action and go for her!" exclaimed the captain in a voice of sevenfold thunder, at the same time seizing a one-ounce howitzer (of the Capt. Grant pattern) and firing a bunch of grape-shot across the bow of the enemy, thus creating a terrific commotion on her deck.

Capt. O'Groupa, hurrying on the wings of love to Maud and matrimony, had no cause to anticipate a hostile collision with his rival, the impetuous commander of the Betsy Jane, but his frequent encounters with the pirates which infest the bay, had taught him the necessity of being constantly prepared for any emergency. He saw the Betsy Jane unfurl the black flag—he heard the pattering thuds of grape-shot as they plunged into the bay—and his oracular and prophetic soul told him that another death-struggle was at hand. To snatch off his shirt, to bring it in contact with the character of a "Southern Loyalist" he happened to have on board, and to nail it to the jackstaff as a substitute for a black flag, was but the work of a moment. Then instantly furling his jib-boom and belaying his larboard scuppers, he ran up the union-jack to keep the gangway from going by the board, and having unlimbered the hog-chain and double-shotted his gun-room, he lashed himself to the mainbrace of the forward poop, and calmly awaited the coming struggle.

He did not have long to wait.

In much less time than we have taken to describe this thrilling scene the Betsy Jane, whose fiery soul was in arms, and evidently eager for the fray, dashed up alongside the Martha Ann, and the terrible conflict began. With unerring precision the crew of each vessel threw their grappling irons simultaneously, and the velocity of the one vessel overcoming that of the other (for they were sailing in opposite directions), they suddenly came to a standstill.

"And then there arose a yell
As if the fiends from heaven fell
Had rung the banner cry of ——!"

But let us draw a mosquito bar over the frightful scene which followed; an ordinary veil would scarcely cover the case, nor conceal half its Stygian horrors from the gaze of a shuddering world. Far be it from us to seek to curdle the warm blood of the gentle reader by repeating here the fearful story of Actyum or of Lepanto.

* * * * * * *

Ten days after the celebrated naval engagement between the Betsy Jane and the Martha Ann, to which we have so feebly alluded, there was a magnificent wedding in a splendid two-story mansion in Spanish alley, at which, it is hardly necessary to say, soft eyes looked love to eyes which looked the same thing, and all went merry as they usually do on such joyous occasions.

The bride was the beautiful Maude Gerald Fitzperkins—the belle of Spanish alley.

The bridegroom was the gallant naval hero, Capt. Cassabianca O'Groupa, of the invincible Martha Ann.

O'Groupa was the happiest and the luckiest of men. Scarcely had he risen from the breakfast table on the morning immediately succeeding his marriage, when the munificent Fitzperkins handed him a check on the Freedmen's Savings Bank for twenty-seven dollars and a half, which the delighted O'Groupa, knowing the peculiar nice.tainty of such institutions in this country, immediately had cashed, and the fond papa was scarcely less generous to his darling Maud. A deed of a gift of a twenty dollar cow and calf, duly recorded in the office of Judge Bond, will forever attest the magnitude of that paternal generosity. Never did a young couple enter upon the flowery field of matrimony under more gorgeous auspices.

Time's ever rolling time, which bears all its sons away, passed on as usual. Under the rolling process, three days were thrown back upon the irrevocable past, as the body of the drowned mariner is thrown back upon the shore—three days since the hero and heroine of this thrilling story were legally authorized to feel that they carried about them a couple of souls with but a single thought and an equal number of hearts that beat as one. Three days—days thronged with rose-leaves, dates and moonbeams—and as a happy pair landed at the foot of Spanish alley on their return from a bridal tour to Tensas and Blakely, they beheld a person standing on the wharf and gazing at them with a scowl so unutterably full of malignant hate that but for the consciousness that there was a strong arm near to protect her, the gentle bride would have screamed and taken to her heels. With both arms in a sling, his head bound in a cotton handkerchief, and his face looking very much as if it had recently come out of a prize fight for the championship with a cross-cut saw or a patent threshing machine, he was certainly not an object to soothe into serene tranquility and repose the breast of a gentle woman.

As the reader must have already guessed, that dreadful wreck of humanity was no other than the once haughty being who so proudly trod the deck of the Betsy Jane.

It was, indeed, all that was left of the once loudly De Pompano. Beneath the dark waters of the bay lies the broken wreck of the ill-fated bark in which the rejected lover went forth with merciless steel to seek the heart of his rival.

Such was the doom of the Betsy Jane.

Reader, my story is ended. If I have succeeded in implanting in one youthful breast a love for the pure, the beautiful, and the good, or in banishing therefrom a single desire to engage in naval pursuits, I shall feel amply repaid for the midnight oil I have consumed.—*Mobile Register.*

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.—An aged negress whose eminent piety had secured an extensive reputation, in walking her usual round of visits, dropped in upon a neighbor, who was equally well known as a temperance man and a hater of tobacco. After being courteously received, the negress pulled from her pocket a long pipe, and commenced smoking some very strong tobacco, to the infinite disgust of her host.

The man maintained his composure several minutes; but the fume and smoke soon became too powerful for him, and rising from his chair, said:

"Aunt Chloe, do you think you are a Christain?"

"Yes, brudder I speeks I is."

"Do you believe in the Bible, aunty?"

"Yes, brudder."

"Do you know there is a passage in the Scriptures which declares that nothing unclean shall enter the kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, I've heard of it."

"Do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Well, Chloe, you smoke, and you cannot enter the kingdom of Heaven, because there is nothing so unclean as the breath of a smoker. What do you say to that?"

"Why, I spees to leave my breff behind me when I go to Heaven."

SIR JOHN MOORE BURIED ÆTHEOTICALLY.

Not a sound was heard on the silent street,
As home from the concert we hurried;
For we found not a street car, carriage, or 'bus,
And we felt considerably worried.

We hailed a driver we used to know,
And hurriedly asked the reason;
He said, as he sadly shook his head,
That the horses were all a sneezin'.

And so we silently went our way
To the place where we kept our filly;
We found her weeping at eyes and nose,
And shaking as though 'twere chilly.

In vain we offered her tempting oats
And a "bran mash" warm and smoking;
She turned her head from the fragrant bait,
And swallowed as if she was choking.

We shook down a bed of fresh new hay,
With a bag of corn for a bolster;
And we gazed at the saddle overhead,
With its shining stirrups and holster.

We thought, as we looked in the glazing eye,
That her troubles would soon be over;
Never more would she crop the grass,
Or graze on the crimson clover.

Slowly we turned from the stable door,
With heart that was wildly beating;
And when we went in the early morn
We found her quietly eating.

STRANGE MARRIAGES.

Amid the variety of strange marriages, the palm of oddity must certainly be conceded to those from which man has been excluded. One case of this sort came to light this very year, when the Edinburgh police laid their hands upon a young woman who was "wanted," from information supplied by a servant girl, whom the masquerading female in question had married, while employed as a laborer in the neighborhood of Kirknewton. The couple had lived happily together for some time; but quarreling over some domestic matter, the wife resolved to part company, and informed the police what manner of a husband she had married. A stranger story of the same nature is told in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1766. "A discovery of a very extraordinary kind was made at Poplar, where two women had lived together for thirty-six years as man and wife, had kept a public-house, without ever being suspected. But the wife happening to fall ill and die, a few days before she expired revealed the secret to her relatives, made her will, and left legacies to the amount of half what she thought they were worth.—On appealing to the pretended husband, she endeavored to support her assumed character; but being closely pressed, she at length owned the fact, accommodated all matters amicably, put off the male and put on the female character, in which she appeared to be a sensible, well-bred woman, though in her male character she had always affected the plain, plodding ale-house keeper. It is said they had acquired in business three thousand pounds. Both had been crossed in love when young, and had chosen this method to avoid further importunities." The female widower afterwards prosecuted a man for extorting money from her before the disclosure, by threatening to proclaim her real sex; and proving her case, had the satisfaction of hearing the offender sentenced to four years' imprisonment, and exposure in the pillory. In 1777, a woman was pilloried in Cheapside, and afterwards sent to jail for six months, for dressing herself in male attire, and marrying three women, with whose clothes and money she had decamped at the first opportunity. In 1773, another deceiver courted and wedded an old woman, in hopes of gaining possession of a hundred pounds; but instead of fingering the money, the woman-husband was introduced to the Lord Mayor by he cheated spouse, and paid the penalty of detection.

The Rev. David Mackenzie relates an instance of a man getting married unintentionally. Some thirty years ago, a decent couple appeared in church to be married, after due proclamation of the banns. They asked the clergyman to wait a bit; he waited for a hour, and then, at their request, proceeded with the ceremony. He had thought the delay arose from the absence of some expected friend, but the truth was, it was the bridegroom who had failed to put in an appearance; and his brother, who brought the bride to church, unwilling, as he afterward said, "to go home, after coming so far, without doing some business, so as to make sure of the young woman," had, in all innocence, wedded her himself, as proxy for his brother. How the lady and brothers arranged matters, the reverend gentleman forgets to tell us. Another odd match is noticed by Pepys in one of his letters—a match that, for a time, served to give the folks of London something to talk about more enlivening than the unwelcome war news of the day. Two rich citizens had died, one leaving his wealth to a Blue-coat boy, the other making a Blue-coat girl his heiress. What could be more proper than that the lucky Blues should unite their fortunes! Neither of them were out of their nonage, but that was not allowed to interfere with the plan. Accordingly, one September day in 1795, the boy, dressed in blue satin, led by two girls; and the girl, arranged in blue sarsenet gown, green apron, and yellow petticoat, led by two Blue-coat boys, marched from Christ's Hospital through Cheapside, to Guildhall, where they found the Dean of St. Paul's waiting for them in the chapel. The Lord Mayor gave away the bride; Bow bells pealed their best; and everybody concerned adjourned to the school hall, to take part in an entertainment there in honor of the happy event.—*Chambers' Journal.*

WAGES IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.—Before the discovery of America it is said that money was so scarce that the price of a day's work was fixed by

THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - December 20, 1872.

WILLIAM ORTON, President of the Western Union Telegraph Company, having become the owner of fifty-one shares of the capital stock of the "New York Tribune Association," constituting a majority of the shares, has assumed the control of that journal. Whitelaw Reid, who has edited the paper since Mr. Greeley's nomination at Baltimore, retires, and it is said that Schuyler Colfax will be his successor.—Hereafter the *Tribune* will be the mere shadow of what it was under the management and control of Horace Greeley. It will be like the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out.

SINCE it has been stated, apparently on reliable authority, that a radical Croesus from Schuylkill county named Tower is a candidate for United States Senator, the organs of Simon Cameron throughout the State manifest a decided feeling of alarm. The Harrisburg *Telegraph* is especially uneasy, and fearing the blandishments of Tower's greenbacks, threatens that gentleman with the terrors of the District Attorney and Grand Jury of Dauphin county, if he resorts to legislative bribery to secure his election. This is decidedly cool coming from a paper which on all occasions of a Senatorial election has been the unblushing apologist and mouthpiece of Simon Cameron. Has the *Telegraph* forgotten how Cameron bought his way into the Senate in 1857 by corruptly purchasing the votes of that immortal *trio* Lebo, Wagonseller and Manear? Has he no recollection of the next contest, in 1863, when Charles R. Buckalew was elected over Cameron by *one* vote, and in reference to which a report of a committee of the House charged Cameron, John J. Patterson (recently elected a Senator from South Carolina through purchased negro votes) and others with bribery, and that a resolution was adopted by the House instructing the Attorney General to prosecute them. At Cameron's last election the same disgraceful scene was re-enacted and radical members, pledged to Curtin, Stevens, and Forney, were bought with Cameron's money like sheep in the shambles. Cameron never yet held an office in this State except by bribing and debauching the representatives of the people. This has always been his political stock, and when his tools and understrappers raise their hands in holy horror at the enormity of corruptly using money in securing votes for a seat in the Senate their brazen hypocrisy can only be paralleled by the spectacle of a footpad inveighing against highway robbery or a drab interposing a plea in behalf of female chastity. Cameron will be re-elected beyond all peradventure and the member from Cambria will cover her with lasting shame and dishonor, and will gibbet himself in the opinion of all her people, by aiding with his vote to consummate the disgraceful fraud.

John J. Patterson.

For forty years prior to the commencement of the late rebellion, no State in the Union was represented in the Senate of the United States by men of purer character and more distinguished ability than South Carolina. Calhoun, Hayne, Pinckney, McDuffie, and others of almost equal renown, were giants in their day. The intellect of the South encountered that of the North in high debate, and the memorable contest between Hayne and Webster, in 1830, on the nullification question, will be read and admired for its unsurpassed eloquence and power by millions yet unborn.

That State is now under the domination of ignorant negroes and corrupt carpet-baggers, and as the stream cannot rise higher than its source, her representatives in Congress are the exact counterpart of their constituents. There is an old and a true saying, that when the political cauldron boils the scum is sure to come to the surface, and hence, on the 10th *instant*, the disgrace and degredation of South Carolina culminated in the election of the man whose name heads this article to the United States Senate as the successor of F. A. Sawyer. Patterson is a native of Juniata county, in this State, and was always the willing and unscrupulous tool of Simon Cameron, and, like his master, was always ready to assist in debauching members of the Legislature in case of an emergency. His reputation at Harrisburg, where for many sessions of the Assembly he was one of the chiefs of the lobby, was of the most corrupt and infamous character. Four or five years ago, stimulated by the marvelous pecuniary as well as political success of Northern carpet-baggers who had pitched their Arab tents in the South, Patterson emigrated to South Carolina, and, true to his natural instincts, became identified with a ring of white and black plunderers thro' whose systematic villainy that State has been reduced to a condition of absolute and irredumable bankruptcy. Patterson has become rich through his ill-gotten spoils and is regarded as a first class statesman in that negro ridden and plundered State. The negroes, who are in a large majority in the Legislature, sell their votes as they do their chickens or sweet potatoes, for a consideration, and Patterson invested largely in the purchase of negro ballots. His prominent competitor was Elliot, one of the negro Congressmen from the State, but Patterson's greenbacks threw Elliot in the shade and rendered *his* (Patterson's) calling and election sure. On the same day that he was elected he was arrested on charges of bribery based upon *eleven* affidavits of *negro* members of the Legislature, but was released on bail. If he could only be sent to the penitentiary instead of to the Senate, it would be a happy deliverance both for the people of the State he has robbed and the Senate which he will disgrace. The Senate, however, is not without his peers in political infamy. There he will meet Cameron, his guide, counsellor and friend, at whose feet he has been taught the pure principles of political morality. There, too, he can hold sweet counsel with Clayton, of Arkansas, Ames, of Mississippi, Pomeroy and Caldwell, of Kansas, and possibly Spencer, of Alabama, and Grant's brother-in-law, Casey, of Louisiana.

There was a time when the Senate of the United States was regarded as the ablest and most dignified deliberative body in the world, but now it has become to a very great extent a refuge for mere political adventurers and a haven for scurvy, second rate and mercenary politicians.

Speer and Townsend.

We give below a running debate which took place in the national House of Representatives, one day last week, between Mr. Speer, member from this district, and Mr. Townsend, who represents the Chester district, and in which several other members participated. The subject under discussion was a bill relating to land bounties to soldiers. We are not familiar with the merits of the bill, and if we were, it is not necessary here to discuss them. Suffice it say that Mr. Speer supported the bill, while Mr. Townsend opposed it. The right of the latter to urge his objections to the measure we do not of course dispute, but when he saw proper to reiterate the radical slang of the day by asserting that "the soldiers of the war were Republicans," and that "nine-tenths of them were Republicans, while the remainder of them may have been Democrats," he deliberately and knowingly uttered a falsehood, and the truth of history demanded that he should be promptly informed of the fact by Mr. Speer as representative of the party thus wantonly and falsely assailed. Townsend impudently sets up the claim that the rebellion was overthrown entirely and solely by soldiers belonging exclusively to the Republican party, seemingly forgetful of the fact that members of the radical faith of much more prominence than himself have not been afraid to avow that it was the *negro* troops who brought the contest to a successful termination. Both declarations are false, as every intelligent man knows.

It is a source of peculiar gratification to the Democracy of this district to know that they are represented in Congress by a man like Mr. Speer, who is always prepared to give a reason for his political faith, and who is ready on all occasions boldly and eloquently to repel low and unfounded assaults upon the party to which he belongs and of which he is so able a defender and so bright an ornament.

MR. SPEER. Mr. Speaker, the general policy of granting lands to actual settlers needs no vindication at my hands. Time and the experience of the country have justified it. But the step proposed by the present bill is supposed to be a departure, at least to some extent, from the homestead policy, and therefore it encounters most serious opposition on this floor. The homestead bill requires a residence of five years to make title. Under the law passed at the last session of Congress the features of the homestead bill were preserved, but when a settlement was made by an honorably discharged soldier, his widow, or orphan children, the time which he served in the Army, or in case of death, the time of enlistment, was deducted from the five years required of the citizen to complete his title. This bill, Mr. Speaker, goes a step further, and the step is, as I conceive, in the right direction. It proposes that not only shall the time the soldier served in the Army be deducted from the time required to complete the title, but the soldier shall have the right to substitute a party or other person to make that settlement for him in his own right; in other words, that he shall have the right to sell his certificate to any one who will make an actual settlement on the land.

Now, the Government, it will be observed, Mr. Speaker, loses nothing by this except what it already loses under the existing law. It loses from the five years' service the time the soldier served in the Army, and it can make no difference to the Government whether the settlement on the land be made by the soldier in person or by the person who takes his place. That is the step made by this bill. But it goes still further, and provides that those soldiers who have become maimed and crippled in the service of the Government, who by reason of their wounds or loss of limbs are unable to leave their homes and go to the wilds of the western country and there settle upon the Government land for themselves, shall have the right to make that settlement by an agent or attorney; and this provision is extended to the widows and orphan children of those who died of wounds received or disease contracted in the service; and this, in my judgment, is a most just and righteous provision. If a wounded soldier does not wish to sell his right under this bill to locate one hundred and sixty acres of land he can employ an agent to enter upon it for him.

It will be observed, Mr. Speaker, that the element of settlement is preserved, the element of the homestead law; but where the soldier by reason of the service he has rendered to the country, resulting in the loss of limbs or of bodily health, has become unable to make that personal settlement himself, then he shall have the right to contract with an agent or attorney, who shall make that settlement for him. Now, what does the Government lose by this provision? This bill proposes to substitute for the actual settlement of a crippled, wounded, or aged soldier the actual settlement perhaps of an able-bodied citizen, who in the vigor of health and in the bloom of younger years shall go upon the land and make it blossom as the rose. In all this the interests of the Government are protected, and the interests of the soldier, the wounded, maimed, and crippled soldier, are protected. I regard this as the most beneficent feature of the bill.

But it is said by the gentleman from Connecticut [Mr. HAWLEY] that these certificates being assignable, the market will be overflowed with them and they will become valueless. It will be observed that the bill does not compel the soldier to make the location within a year, but it compels him within one year after the location is made to complete the settlement; so that it may be one or five or ten or twenty years before the land is actually surveyed and the certificate issued. But after the survey is made, and after the certificate is issued, then only one year can elapse before the settlement is made; so that I have no doubt under the present bill, if it should become a law, many of the soldiers of the country will perhaps wait for some time before they claim its benefits, before they have the one hundred and sixty acres surveyed and set apart for them. They will wait perhaps until their children, now little boys around them, shall have grown to manhood, and they will then assign their certificates to them and let them go upon the land and settle upon it and acquire the title, if, Mr. Speaker, there should be in this age of railroads and monopolies and land-grabbers, any of the Government domain left at that time. Thus, the soldier and his family will be benefited, the Government land will be settled, and an act of justice will be done by the nation to the brave men to whom it owes its life.

MY colleague from Pennsylvania [Mr. TOWNSEND] had read by the Clerk certain resolutions purporting to have been passed by the Grand Army of the Republic, which professed to declare the hostility of the soldiers to any bill of this kind. Now, Mr. Speaker, I affirm that those gentleman do not represent the private soldiers of the country; they represent the political soldiers of the country, and the officers of the country, who are controlled by the railroads and the monopolies. And when I made the charge on the stump in my district that the Governor-elect of Pennsylvania had signed such resolutions as these, and had forwarded them to both Houses of Congress at the last session, I was denounced by a paper in his interest in my district most bitterly as a liar; and yet my colleague presents those resolutions to-day upon this floor, signed by Gen. Hartranft, when the man who signed them, by the papers supporting him for Governor, and through his friends on the stump, denied that he had ever indorsed them or knew anything about them. They are presented here as the expression of the honest sentiment of the soldiers of Pennsylvania, when in the recent canvass in my State, General Hartranft's approval of them was earnestly disavowed.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. If my colleague will allow me, I wish to inquire of him what member of that committee has ever denied that he signed these resolutions?

MR. SPEER. I say the Governor-elect, by the newspapers advocating his election, and through his political friends on the stump in my district and throughout the State, during the canvass, denied that he had ever signed them.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. Will my colleague allow me a moment merely to say that the Governor-elect of Pennsylvania has never, so far as I know, or so far as the gentleman can prove, denied anything that is in those resolutions, or denied that he signed them? And I wish to say in addition that that convention was not a political convention of soldiers, but was a convention of soldiers without respect to party.

MR. SPEER. My colleague evades the point. He well knows that the Governor-elect of Pennsylvania neither asserted nor denied anything on the stump in the recent canvass. He was not a stumper.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. Nor did the President of the United States.

MR. SPEER. I did not allege that the Governor-elect had personally denied that he signed those resolutions. But I do affirm and repeat that the Republican press of Pennsylvania for him did deny it.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. I would like the gentleman, if he can, to produce any paper under the influence of the Governor of Pennsylvania that denied any of these resolutions.

MR. SPEER. I name a paper in my own district known as the Radical, published in the city of Altoona, which charged me, I think, fourteen times, with being a liar for making that statement among others in a public speech in that city; and yet we have these resolutions paraded here to-day and read at the instance of my colleague as evidence of the fact that the soldiers of Pennsylvania are opposed to this bill. *I* say that the privates, the unknown and brave men, they who of all others deserve the name of soldiers, are for this bill. But the officers, the men who wore epaulets and who never sniffed the battle except in the dim distance are opposed to this bill, as they are opposed to almost everything else to which the corporations and land-grabbers of the country are opposed.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. I want to ask my colleague one question, and it is whether the gentlemen who signed these resolutions were not during the war on the field of battle?

MR. SPEER. I believe they were; I did not say they were not.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. You made the charge by implication.

MR. SPEER. They are not the men who carried the musket and the knapsack; they are not the men who stood upon the lonely picket and did the actual duties in the field; they are not the men whose orphaned children gather around the desolated hearthstones of Pennsylvania; they are the political soldiers who are put forward by politicians to represent them and to win their battles.

MR. KILLINGER. My colleague will allow me to say that one of the gentlemen named lost a leg in the war; that he entered it as a private and fought his way up, and now holds an office of honor in the State.

MR. SPEER. To whom does my colleague refer?

MR. KILLINGER. To Colonel Beath.

MR. SPEER. Ah! he is now surveyor general of the State of Pennsylvania.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. My colleague will allow me a moment to inquire of him whether General Hartranft, against whom he directs his remarks, was not in seventeen battles during the war?

MR. SPEER. He may have been in seventy times seventeen; I make no charge against his gallantry; the gentleman seeks to evade the point I am making. I only say that when these gentlemen come to Congress with a memorial opposed to the passage of this bill they do not represent the real soldiers of Pennsylvania, and I ask my colleague whether he can furnish me with the resolution of a single meeting of private soldiers or the letter of a single private soldier in Pennsylvania, or elsewhere, who carried a musket and knapsack during the war that contains one syllable of opposition to this bill? If he can, I pause for him to produce it. The gallant rank and file of our Army look to Congress with anxious hearts for the passage of this bill.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. I will answer the gentleman's question by asking him another, and it is whether this convention was not composed of delegates who were elected by soldiers, and whether some of the members of that convention were not private soldiers who had carried the musket and the knapsack during the war.

MR. SPEER. Mr. Speaker, we all know how these conventions are managed and manipulated. This Grand Army of the Republic has been run, as we all know, in Pennsylvania in the interest of a political party.

MR. MANSON. And everywhere else.

MR. SPEER. Yes, sir; and as my friend suggests, everywhere else. It has become a semi-political organization. It has been used by politicians, and its leaders have been put forward by politicians, and occasionally rewarded themselves with nominations for their party services.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. My colleague will allow me a moment to explain to the House why the Grand Army of the Republic seems to be a political organization. It is because it is composed of the soldiers of the war, and the soldiers of the war were Republicans, while the men engaged in the rebellion were Democrats.

MR. MANSON. That is not true.

MR. SPEER. I denounce that statement as unworthy of my colleague.

MR. MORGAN. I think it was entirely worthy of him.

MR. SPEER. I denounce it as false in fact, and as disgraceful to a Representative from Pennsylvania. The graves of every battlefield, and the widows and orphans all over the land, declare it a foul slander.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. Allow me to reply to the remark just made by the gentleman. What I mean to say is this: the rebellion was got up by the Democratic party of the South; it was carried on by the Democratic party of the South, assisted by the moral influence of their coadjutors, the Democratic party of the North; and nine-tenths of the soldiers of the Union were Republicans, while the remainder of them may have been Democrats.

MR. SPEER. May I ask my colleague in how many battles he was personally engaged during the war?

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. I was not in any.

MR. RANDALL. No; you were running a bank at home, making money.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. And where were you?

MR. RANDALL. I was in the Army.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. I never heard of it. [Laughter.]

MR. RANDALL. I went as a private.

MR. TOWNSEND, of Pennsylvania. I never knew it. A high private, I suppose.

MR. SPEER. You were too far away to know who were in the Army. My colleague [Mr. TOWNSEND] was like Job's war horse; he "smelleth the battle afar off." [Laughter.] But this is a divergence from the object I had in view when I rose to address the House. I hope this measure will not be run into politics, but that the interests of the soldiers who are to be benefited by this bill will be considered outside of and irrespective of the political prejudices of any member of this House. I think this bill appeals to the sense of justice of every man who desires to legislate for a class of citizens who deserve well of the Republic.

Men of all parties and creeds laid down their lives for the life of the nation; the debt we owe the living and the widows and orphans of the dead can never be fully paid. This bill is but a partial recognition of the obligations of the nation for their heroic services, and it should be passed by a unanimous vote. I understand that the gentleman from Indiana [Mr. HOLMAN] has an amendment to offer, which adds additional safeguards to the provisions; but with or without it the bill shall receive my cordial support with the single regret that it still does not go far enough. [Here the hammer fell.]

DEATH OF EDWIN FORREST.—At nine o'clock on Thursday morning the housekeeper at the residence of Mr. Edwin Forrest, on North Broad street, proceeded to his room door and rang the bell for breakfast. There was no response for twenty minutes, and at the end of this time the housekeeper again proceeded to the room, and, upon attentively listening, heard Mr. Forrest breathing heavily and gasping.—The door being locked, the housekeeper finally gained access to his room through the library and bath room, and, upon reaching his apartment, found him lying on his back across the bed. He was fully dressed excepting his coat. A pair of light dumb bells were on the bed, and it was evident that he had been exercising himself with them. The position of the pier glass or mirror was such as to indicate that Mr. Forrest was dressing before it when he fell backward on the bed. When the housekeeper entered the apartment of the dying man she saw his eyes rolling, and there was slight froth about his mouth. From the fact that he paid no attention to questions asked him, it is very evident that he was unconscious at the time and was stricken with death. A physician and a neighbor were sent for, but before they arrived the life of Mr. Forrest was apparently extinct. This was at half-past nine o'clock. Though the health of this eminent tragedian had become more or less impaired, yet on Sunday last when he returned to Philadelphia he seemed to be in excellent spirits. On Wednesday his good health was the subject of special remark about the house. At five o'clock on Wednesday evening he ate his dinner, as usual, and during the evening wrote two letters, which, at nine o'clock, he directed the housekeeper to have posted. Before retiring for the night he gave some directions about his art gallery, showing that he had full possession of his mental faculties as well as bodily health.—*Phila. Public Record.*

HORRORS.—Horrors, like plagues and pestilence, says the Phila. *Sunday Dawn*, seem to be epidemic at certain seasons or in certain years. Like the tides of the sea, their occurrence ebbs and flows. Their frequency seems to be governed by some law of nature, yet concealed from the understanding of man, the victim of their attacks. They now seem at full high-tide. For three or four weeks they have been sweeping over this immediate neighborhood. First the Baltimore and Wilmington Railroad accident, in which everything was bunglingly done, except the work of horror itself. Then came the Pennsylvania Railroad crash, which claimed no more than five victims, merely because a sleeping car had no more persons in it to be crushed and mangled; and this week, the third, we must put on the credit side of Horrors, two others that have been unsurpassed within this year at least; the burning of Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York, and the wreck of an emigrant ship in the North Sea.

By the first, eleven servant girls were scalded, scorched, burned to a crisp, dying the most excruciating death known to torture; huddled into one room, panting, suffocating, despairing, dying. And they might have been saved but for negligence, so over confident that it could stand coolly by for a half-hour after knowing the fire was in progress, without sounding the alarm, and calling in aid from those who make it their duty to rush through flames to save life at the risk of their own, the firemen! Some persons about the Fifth Avenue Hotel rendered most effectual aid to Horror, last Monday night.

Of the second horror, the sinking of the emigrant ship, we know no particulars, only eighty men, women and children found death in the waves. This is the climax of horror.

WHAT CAME OF A TOMBOY.—An exchange tells the following story of a tomboy:

Miss Martha Knight is a good looking girl who was born in Boston, and very early in life mortified her parents and their friends by being that childish feminine monstrosity called the "Tomboy." She cared nothing for dolls and miniature housekeeping, like other little girls, but wanted gimlets and augers and saws and hatchets, and nails, and lumber to work with. Instead of learning to sew on dolls' clothes, she made sleds and wagons and kites for her lazy, numbskull brothers, and finally became a wonder of mechanical genius.—Her taste ran that way, and her friends concluded to let it go when they found they could not stop it. Miss Martha Knight being poor, went into a paper bag manufactory to earn her livelihood. Of course such a girl could not live at home and drone away her life at the family fireside. She went to work like a man, and has now become famous and the pride of the old folks. She has won the distinction of being the first inventor that ever received a patent for a complete invention at Washington. Her invention is a machine for making paper bags. Several attempts had previously been made in this direction by men of mechanical genius, and all had failed. This "tomboy" has now done it, and made a success. Unaided, she drew her plans, and she superintended the putting up of the machinery at Amherst, Massachusetts. It works well, and her everlasting fortune is made.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—This little bit of romance occurred at Corry, according to the *Blade:* While the late storm was raging there a young lady while on a mission of mercy on the street, discovered a man lying in the ditch, very drunk, and covered with slush, ice and snow. She looked about to see if there was any one she could call to her assistance; not seeing any one she proceeded to drag him out and help him upon the walk. After some trouble she got him to stand up. He was pretty well chilled, as well as drunk. He said he thought he could make his way down town alone. He started and went a few steps and fell in again. The young lady went to him and gave her hand to try to pull him out. In her effort she was pulled into the ditch, where the water and snow was at least a foot deep, but nothing daunted she succeeded in getting him on the sidewalk. She then started with him down town. He fell several times, but she assisted him up, and got him where he could be cared for. The young lady was nearly exhausted with her exertions. On seeing him to a place of safety she returned to her home. The rescued inebriate was a total stranger, and it is hoped the lesson will be a warning to him in the future.

—The Bedford *Inquirer* informs us that one of the feeders at the Riddlesburg furnaces died a few days ago from the effects of escaping gas which he inhaled.

A Terrible Catastrophe.

FIRE AT THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK—ELEVEN LIVES LOST.

NEW YORK, Dec. 11.—A fire broke out at a little past 11 o'clock last night in the upper part of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on the Twenty-third street side. The engines, when the alarm was given, were quickly on the spot and soon at work pouring streams upon the flames, which at midnight enveloped the whole Twenty-third street side. Many of the guests had retired, or were about retiring, when the alarm was sounded, and when the firemen bro't the hose into the interior of the building a panic ensued among the more timid of them, and a rush was made for trunks, etc. They demanded a settlement of their bills and left the house.

After the fire had been pretty well extinguished the firemen, in going through the rooms on the top floor, occupied by the scrubbing women, were horrified by stumbling over the remains of human beings, which were piled on the floor. Lanterns were immediately procured, and a horrible sight was revealed. On the floor of a room about twelve feet square were found no less than eleven bodies, all burned beyond recognition. The bodies were found lying near the only window of the room, which was barred so that escape by that means—the staircase leading to the room being on fire—was impossible, and they were compelled to wait for death with what resignation they could summon.

It is supposed that many were burned to death while asleep. The positions of some of the charred remains showed that the unfortunate creatures died in great agony.

The New York *Sun*, in commenting on this dreadful calamity, says: Eleven servant girls lost their lives by the fire in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. The girls slept in a wooden attic, partly above the roof of the hotel proper. An elevator and a private stairway led from this attic to the laundry in the basement. The fire began on the fourth floor of the hotel, run up the laundry elevator and private stairway, and fed upon the wooden attic. A second stairway led from this attic to the floor below. The most of the girls escaped by this stairway. The eleven who lost their lives slept in the rooms nearest the elevator. The windows of these rooms opened upon the roof of the hotel, but they were barred on the inside by iron screens. Four girls tore a screen away and escaped. Four others endeavored to remove a screen, but were suffocated and burned. Seven died in their beds.

* * * * * * * *

Eleven poor servant girls are dead, but thousands are living. In nearly all our hotels the servants are packed away upon the upper floors, from four to twelve occupying a single sleeping room. Over one hundred of them slept in the attic of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is remarkable that only eleven lives were lost.

DECEITFUL WOMAN.—"MA'S COUSIN"—A SLEEPING CAR INCIDENT.—The Decatur (Ill.) *Republican* of the 7th has the following base insinuation: A few nights since the attention of the passengers on one of the trains on the T. W. & W. R. R., was called to a handsome lady, accompanied by a little boy probably six years old. It would seem that she had been visiting in Ohio and was on her way to St. Louis, her home. As we said, the passengers took particular notice of her beauty, her exquisite and fashionable clothing, and her perfectly natural and artless manners. Everything indicated that she was a lady of much culture and refinement. A gentleman entered the car and upon seeing our heroine seated to be greatly pleased.

She made room for him and they were soon engaged in no doubt an interesting conversation. She asked him about all the folks, about the new style of bonnets, and what was the regulation size for bustles. The little boy in the meantime was quietly sleeping on a seat just opposite our interesting couple. The night wore on and some of the passengers had about concluded that they were husband and wife, and that there was no chance for them to show her any kindness.

Towns were passed, passengers came and went, and all were about disposed in the arms of Morpheus when the couple got up, and, wonderful to tell, they went to the sleeping car, leaving the little boy asleep on the seat. This aroused the suspicions of certain of the passengers, and soon after the couple had gone to the sleeping car the little boy was wakened, and one of the passengers asked him "if that gentleman was his pa?" "No," was the answer. "Then who is he?" was asked. "I don't know—guess he is ma's cousin."

The conductor and passengers said nothing, but thought a great deal, when, just before the train reached St. Louis the couple appeared, and the gentleman got off at the first station this side of St. Louis. Of course he had business there. The train sped on and at last reached its destination. The lady was met by her husband and the passengers witnessed an affectionate meeting.

She threw her arms about his neck, kissed him, and seemed to be overjoyed at again seeing him. The gentlemen who had witnessed the performance in the car said nothing, nor has anything been said of the affair before. We will not give her name. Her husband is a prominent business man in St. Louis. Further comment is unnecessary.

AFTER a protracted trial of cundurango in the cancer wards of the Middlesex hospital, in London, the medical authorities of that institution have arrived at the conclusion that the drug has no effect on cancer. The *British Medical Journal* says that at a meeting of the Clinical society in London, papers were read by the two gentlemen who had been conducting this investigation, in which it was distinctly stated that not one single indication of improvement has been observed in any of the cases treated by the alleged remedy. In fact, either the disease ran its usual course, or the patient showed symptoms of derangement of system which might fairly be attributed to the drug. At the meeting the fact was mentioned that a large number of persons in England, misled by the reports that had come from America, were paying exorbitant prices for the nostrum, and the feeling was strongly expressed that it was desirable that the public should be made aware of its utter worthlessness.

AWFUL FATE OF A WOMAN.—The Bethlehem Times of the 4th instant says: This morning Mrs. James Gunning, of Bingen, on the line of the North Pennsylvania railroad, while standing on one of the ore-breakers at Ball's iron mine, near Bingen, was struck by a car and thrown down the shaft to the depth of about twenty feet, into one of the ore-washers. These washers are large revolving cylinders, with projecting spikes, driven by steam. The ore is thrown in and separated from the earth by the spikes, and washed by a continual flow of water. The unfortunate woman was caught by these projecting spikes, and made two revolutions with the wheel before the washer could be stopped. The result may be well imagined. She was literally torn to pieces. The men were awe-strieken at the spectacle, and scarcely knew whither to turn. The woman's husband was an unwilling spectator of the truly heart-rending catastrophe, and was well-nigh crazed.

News and Political Items.

—Half the business portion of Chesterville, S. C., was burned Sunday morning. Loss $150,000.

—Captain Ward, of Ludington, Mich., owns 70,000 acres of pine lands and a $500,000 saw-mill.

—A baby four months old, near Oil City, weighs fifty pounds, and the Pittsburgh *Leader* calls it an infant-ile prodigy.

—A ditch 30 feet deep, on the premises of the insane asylum, at St. Louis, caved in on Saturday, killing five workmen.

—A man in New Hampshire bought four swarms of bees ten years ago, and has now an income of $1,200 per year from honey.

—A fire at Toledo, Ohio, on Sunday, destroyed $125,000 worth of property. One fireman was killed and several others were injured.

—The Very Rev. Thomas Mulvey, vicar-general of the Catholic diocese of Virginia, died Sunday evening at his residence in Petersburg, aged sixty-three.

—William Wellhouse, who four years ago, when only 8 years old, was page to the Cleveland city council, was so puffed up by the distinction that he now weighs 163 pounds.

—A young son of George Ehler, of Lancaster, fell through a hatchway a distance of sixty feet. He walked to a physician's office, and afterward complained of being hungry.

—The menagerie in winter quarters in Girard, has been purchased by Dr. G. R. Spaulding and Pat. Ryan, and will next season do the country under the management of Col. Dan Rice.

—A young woman at Torquay, England, was fatally shocked recently by hearing a door slam in the next room, which she thought was her husband shooting himself. She died almost instantly.

—This paragraph is to say that Agents may learn something greatly to their advantage and obtain specimens and full particulars free, by addressing *Wood's Literary and Art Society*, Newburgh, N. Y.

—At Buffalo, on Saturday, John Gaffney was sentenced to be hanged the 2d of February, for the murder of Patrick Foy, the judgment against him having been confirmed by the Court of Appeals.

—At Hartford, Conn., on Saturday, Charles Blakeslee was found guilty of attempting to wreck the Boston and New York Express train, near Windsor Locks, some time ago, and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment.

—At the intersection of the Tyrone and Clearfield and Bald Eagle railroads, recently, some eight or nine cars were thrown from the track and an employee, Charles McDonald, severely, but not fatally, injured about the head.

—At Sharptown, New Jersey, on the afternoon of the 13th, two colored boys, named Henry D. Smith and Thomas James, aged respectively eighteen and sixteen years, while skating on a mill pond, broke through the ice and were drowned.

—The Clinton *Republican* says Miss Jennie Ward, of that county, week before last, on the promise of a new twelve dollar dress, husked in standing corn, thirty-two bushels in eight and a half hours, besides doing up the morning chores in the house.

—A Bedford county boy, who had been playing with a pistol, was recently found in an almost insensible condition and conveyed to his home, where he died in a few hours. Nobody was about when the accident occurred, and the boy could be persuaded to give no particulars.

—Hon. A. G. Curtin lectured at Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday night, to a crowded house, on Russia. The intricate and romantic history of that wonderful people was a fit theme for the eloquent ex-minister. The manner in which he held the audience for over two hours showed that he was at home with his subject.

—It is generally believed in the inner Republican circles at Harrisburg, that Col. M. S. Quay, of Beaver, or Hon. Francis Jordan, present incumbent, will be Governor Hartranft's Secretary of State, and that the Attorney-Generalship is between Hon. William H. Armstrong, of Lycoming, and Judge Thayer, of Philadelphia.

—An Ida Lewis has been developed in a fishing hamlet on the southeastern coast of Ireland. This heroine distinguished herself by rescuing, amid a ruthless storm and raging sea, four men who were clinging, after a ship wreck, in the last extremity, to the rocks that bound the coast.

—Mr. William Finn, of Green county, Ky., is one hundred and seven years old. He has been engaged in the business of making wooden bowls for perhaps seventy-five years, and can turn two bowls per day now. He was born in Virginia, and left that State when seventeen years old.

—The Henderson (Ky.) *Reporter* says: "A child was born in this city last week that forms one of the great number of natural curiosities. It had no bones in its neck, which consisted, apparently, of hard flesh or something like gristle. The mother and child both died."

—The Freeburg *Courier* says that Mr. J. M. Hoffman, of that place, sold a Chester White hog last week, to D. F. Kerstetter, for $65. For curiosity's sake Mr. Hoffman measured it. Its length was 7 feet 9 inches, circumference 7 feet, and around the neck 5 feet 4 inches. Its weight is supposed to have been 700 pounds.

—An extraordinary case came before the Louisville courts recently, the dispute being over the ownership of a baby. There were two claimants, one a white woman and the other a colored woman. Each brought witnesses to prove that she was the mother of the child in question, and the court eventually decided in favor of the colored woman.

—The Hancock County *Courier* says: "Billy Hooper has more vim than any mail carrier in this country. Last Thursday he left Pittsburgh with ninety pounds of mail in a wheelbarrow, wheeling it twelve miles to Beer's Postoffice, and carried it on his back from there to this place, thirty miles. We'll bet there isn't another one-armed man in America who would try the same trick. Epizootic horses don't bother him."

—The Crisfield (Md.) *Leader* declares that Elijah Somers, a colored man, living near that town, is one hundred and fifteen years old, and that, though he cannot boast of having voted for all the Presidents, yet he can out-swear, out-drink and out-walk many who have lived to scarcely half his age. His feet are frost bitten, his eyes dim, and his mind somewhat enfeebled; still, he can tell stories, walk as erect as any man, and is prone to laugh at his own anecdotes.

—On Friday morning last a boiler in Maugh's saw mill, on Black River, Wayne county, Mo., exploded with terrific force. The mill was literally blown to atoms.—Pieces of the boiler were hurled a great distance. Fragments were found nearly a quarter of a mile from the mill, and what was left of it was rolled out flat. Four men, employes of the mill, were killed outright, and three others dangerously wounded. Clogging of the boiler flues with mud is supposed to have been the cause of the explosion.

—Mr. W. W. Dantz, who was recently killed, with his wife and child, by a railroad accident near Mifflin, was not a member of Congress, as stated, but a doorkeeper of the House of Representatives at Washington. In the House, on Friday last, Mr. Sawyer, of Wisconsin, offered a resolution reciting the telegraphic account of the accident, and directing that arrangements be made to transport the body of Mr. Dantz and family back to their late home, at Princeton, Wis., and have them interred at the expense of the House.

—A few nights ago, says the Nevada, *News*, the conductor of the eastern-bound freight train on the Central Pacific railroad received instructions at Truckee to "proceed carefully and look out for train No. 5." He was one of the most vigilant of men, and he did keep a sharp lookout. Suddenly he espied a headlight ahead through the trees, and stopping his train to a stand-still, he seized a flag and lantern and ran ahead to warn them most lustily, till suddenly he discovered he was flagging the engine of a hand-car.

—Philip Arnold, whose property was recently attached at the suit of A. W. Mellon on account of the recent California diamond swindle, publishes a long defense in the Louisville *Courier Journal*, in which he denies the charges made against him, saying that he never sold a dollar's worth of property to Lent, or had any transactions with or received any money from him at any time. He denies that the diamonds were salted by him. Arnold says he has discovered a silver mine in Kentucky worth $300,000,000, and has bought for $1,000 all the property in the locality of the mine.

—The newspapers in Western Pennsylvania, says the *Age*, notice the recent displacement of fifty American workmen at the Beaver Falls Cutlery Company, to make way for Chinese labor. We have always deprecated this experiment as detrimental to the best interests of our State, the highest good is not cheap labor, but the maintenance of citizens in the exercise of productive industry. American mechanics cannot live like the Chinese, and we have no desire to see them reduced to the same condition. We condemned the scheme when it was first broached, and have seen nothing to reconcile us to

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EBENSBURG, PA.,
Friday, - - - December 20, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Raps and Mishaps at and near Home:

—Ladies' furs a specialty at Thompson's.

—For elegant perfumery go to Thompson's.

—Anybody can show you where Thompson's store is.

—"Quick sales and small profits" is the motto at Thompson's.

—Altoona has an Independent Order of Philoxtathenas, whatever the d—ickens they are.

—The regular monthly meeting of the Dauntless boys will be held to-morrow night.

—A mink three feet in length and still growing was captured at Cresson a few days ago.

—A panther 8½ feet in length and weighing 108 pounds, was shot near Scalp Level a few days ago.

—The carcasses of nine deer, large and small, were shipped from this point on Friday morning last.

—The Hollidaysburg *Standard* says: "Let the boys and girls skate." Well, who said he was going to hinder them?

—The Fireman's Fair, well stocked with toys, fancy goods, etc., will be opened for the first time on Monday night next.

—Daniel Dougherty, of Philadelphia, the "silver-tongued orator," is to lecture in Johnstown on Saturday night next.

—The citizens of Woodberry, Blair county, are raising $10,000 to extend a railroad from Williamsburg to the former village.

—A shooting match for two fat beeves, the property of Isaac Crowford, is to come off in this place on Saturday of next week.

—A freight train nearly one mile in length, drawn by four locomotives, arrived in Altoona from the east on Saturday evening.

—The Conemaugh borough authorities have purchased the necessary ground and contemplate the early erection of a town hall.

—A house temporarily occupied by Sam'l Managhner, at Whiskey Springs, this county, was destroyed by fire a few nights ago, and a large lot of valuable furniture went with it.

—The abominable practice so frequently indulged in of lifting children up by the arms, resulted in the breaking of one of the arms of a little girl in Huntingdon the other day.

—A seven feet vein of coal has been unearthed in White township, Cambria county, on the line of the Bell's Gap railroad. Gen. Bell has an eight feet vein opened on the same road.

—Gen. Jacob M. Campbell, of Johnstown, was nominated for Grand Master of the I. O. F., of this State, at the semi-annual session in Philadelphia. The election takes place some time in April.

—Attention is directed to the sale advertisements of Geo. J. Rodgers real estate and personal property, and of personal property sale of M. M. Adams, dec'd, at Cresson, published in our paper to-day.

—We generally prefer new articles to old ones—the new maids to the old maids. All the late styles of *ready mades* in clothing, boots, shoes, hats, caps, shirts, etc., at Thompson's.

—While seeking substantial Christmas gifts for young or old, don't fail to take a peep at Huntley's beautiful display of silver ware, fine cutlery, boys' skates and sleds and hosts of other suitable articles.

—Santa Claus still has his headquarters at C. T. Roberts' elegant bazaar, and from thence sends greeting to all his little friends. Mam. never went back on Santa Claus and Santa Claus don't intend to go back on Mam. now.

—Our good friend, Mr. John Lilly, of Coal City, has our thanks for an interesting compilation of "Remarkable Events," which we will publish when space permits. The "Blue Laws" we have already given to our readers.

—Say what you will, talk as you may, the largest assortment and finest display of holiday goods of every kind at Oatman's cheap store all buyers can find. Oatman has the wherewithal to satisfy the appetite and please the eye.

—Our clever friend, M. P. Meagher, of Johnstown, is now acting as traveling agent for the wholesale liquor house of Casey, Fogarty & Co., Pittsburgh, whese card will be found elsewhere. A reliable house represented by a live man.

—Nothing in Ebensburg equals the display of toys, confections, fancy goods, notions, etc., which M. L. Oatman in now receiving for the holidays. All classes, conditions, sizes and sexes will find just what they want at Oatman's.

—The Bell's Gap narrow guage railroad has been graded to the summit of the Alleghenies and the rails laid to within a mile or two of that point. The road extends from Bell's Mills Station, on P. R. R., to the valley of Clearfield creek.

—If it is in the wood at all, we will issue our next paper on Christmas eve. Would like to have contributions from "Linnet," "Bob Roy," &c., on subjects which will readily suggest themselves at this joyful season. Let us hear from you by Monday.

—Corporeal punishment in the Altoona schools has been abolished by resolution of the Board of Directors. If the rule of the past was abolished everywhere, it might prove an innovation worthy of all praise, but it cannot be denied that an occasional whipping makes scholars *smart*.

—James M. Swank has resigned the position of Chief Clerk in the Agricultural Department, which he has held for the past two years, to accept that of Secretary of the Iron and Steel Association, vice Maj. McAllister, resigned. Both resignations take effect on the first of January.

—A fraud upon humanity, living on what is known as Goose Island in Johnstown, turned his wife, with her babe in her arms, out of the house and into the cold on Saturday night last. The *Democrat* truly says, "God pity the woman who is bound for life to such a heartless brute."

—For the third and last time we publish the advertisement of Mr. F. J. Parrish, offering his eligibly located hotel property at Ebensburg for sale. Mr. Parrish wishes to retire from the business, and will give a good bargain to any one who desires to take the place. The stand is one of the best in the county, and there is money in it.

—Among the many things to be disposed of by chancee at the Fireman's Fair, is a beautiful oleander tree, something unknown, we believe, on the Alleghenies. This tree is remarkable for the beauty of its flowers, and we know the ladies will be delighted with the opportunity of securing one of the finest specimens—if they win it.

—The elegant jewelry, beautiful fancy goods, handsome gift books, and numerous other desirable articles for the holidays, at Gammon & Murray's drug and book store, are attracting general admiration and numberless buyers, and are really among the most desirable articles for holiday presents that can be found anywhere. Go and see.

—Over there at Barker's, all the seasons around, the very best of store goods in profusion great abound, but just now his stock of other stocks excel, for the Christmas time is coming, and Vallie wants to treat us well. So pitch in, every buyer, and our word for it you'll find goods that you sure will admire and treatment fair and kind. Dry goods, dress goods, fancy goods, groceries, etc., Vallie sells as cheap as any one.

—Two of the party recently arrested for stealing goods from Pa. R. R. freight cars, managed to escape from the Hollidaysburg jail on Friday night last.

—There was a very mean rich man living in this county at one time who complained much of cold feet, so his gentle wife lit a fire under the bed in order to warm his pedal extremities. It was a perfect success. He never again complained of the frigidity of his hoofs, and now she is married to the agent of the company in which the house was insured, and having lots of money buys all her goods at Thompson's.

—How the report became current, or for what purpose it was circulated other than to injure the enterprise, we don't know, but we are authorized to say that there is no truth in the story that the Fireman's Fair is designed to aid in the purchase of a library for the Presbyterian Sabbath School. The library the firemen propose to purchase is for the benefit of the public at large, and will contain no books advocating or reflecting upon any particular religion. Much less will it be for a Sabbath school of any kind.

—Come to me, dearest, while the sleigh bells are ringing, come where I wait thee in silence alone; come while the stars their soft glances are flinging from eyes that are only less bright than thine own. If you can't come yourself, send your sister, or your mother, or your pap, or your big brother, or any of the family, or all of them, to Myers & Lloyd's cheap store, for as sure as you're there they have lots of nice goods for the holidays, and if you don't come soon they'll sell them to somebody else, for such goods at such low prices don't need to wait long for buyers. That's even so.

—Mr. Wm. Hawe, a night foreman in in one of the Penna. railroad shops at the outer depot, Pittsburgh, while engaged in coupling two locomotives together, on Sunday morning last, was caught between the two engines and literally crushed to an indistinguishable mass, and of course killed instantly. Mr. Hawe was reared from boyhood to manhood by Mr. H. Dugan, dec'd late of Wilmore, this county, and is well known by many persons residing in that vicinity. He was a sober, industrious and worthy man, and was held in high esteem by the Company he had served for many years, as well as by all who knew him. He has left a wife and three children.

CHARGED WITH EMBEZZLEMENT.—*Arrested Four Times.*—We knew and intended to publish an account last week of the arrest of Isaac S. Gould and David Libby, of this county, on the charge of embezzlement, as well as the subsequent presentation of several other charges of a like nature against them, but having understood that they paid all claims when presented and that their delinquencies had all been made good, we forbore alluding to the matter at that time. Now, however, as the parties have both disappeared, leaving behind them from $800 to $1200 of unpaid claims in this immediate vicinity, as is alledged, we deem it due to our readers to give a full account of the affair as we find it recorded in this week's issue of the Altoona *Tribune:*

On Monday evening of last week two men named Isaac S. Gould and David Libby were arrested at the depot, the former on the charge of embezzlement and the latter for aiding and assisting him, on oath of Mr. G. C. Smith, of this city, agent for the sale of the Blees Sewing Machines. The circumstances connected with their arrest and detention are as follows: During the latter part of August Gould commenced selling machines for Smith, in Ebensburg. A gentlemen named Price visited the latter place about same time and made inquiries relative to Gould's character, and from the information received the agents for the Blees machines deemed him trustworthy and competent; consequently Mr. Smith allowed the boys in his employ to ship Gould all the machines he wanted, he (Smith) being sick during the months of July and August, and incapacitated from writing the contract bonds, etc., a matter he invariably requires from his subagents, but intended doing so as soon as he got well. Gould immediately went to work and in two months made over $2,000 in commissions, and was as prompt as most agents in making his returns to headquarters. This increased confidence. During the Clair County Fair Gould came to the city for the purpose of having the contract drawn up, but Smith was absent. On the 12th of September Kerr again visited the city, at which time the contract bond was drawn up, and he took it with him, remarking that he would obtain the signatures of his bondsmen to the instrument and return it in a few days. On the strength of this assertion Smith subsequently shipped him machines to the value of over $1,500, but from this time Gould failed to make any returns, neither did he return the bond, as he stated he would do.—Early in December Gould was pressed for a settlement, when his accounts revealed the fact that he was over $700 in arrears, which sum he promised to pay to Smith on Wednesday, the 11th inst. At this time Gould had in his possession, including machines and money, about $2,300. On Monday, the 9th inst., Smith received a telegram from E. G. Kerr, of Ebensburg, informing him that Gould was making arrangements to leave that place the next day. Smith took passage on the mail train the same evening and upon arrival at Cresson was informed by Kerr that Gould and Libby were then in the ticket office with their tickets. The former bought tickets for himself, wife and hired girl to Boston, and also made arrangements for the transportation of the "corpse's of two small children" who had died about two years since, having their remains disinterred for the purpose of taking them along. The man Libby, who had been assisting Gould in Ebensburg, also bought a tickets for Boston. Upon their arrival in this city they were both arrested and held until the next morning, when they were released on $500 bail, Alderman Durbin becoming their surety. Believing that amount of bail to be inadequate Alderman Hickey issued a second warrant for their arrest, when the bail was increased to $2,000, Alderman Durbin again coming to thier rescue, which amount Mr. Smith deemed entirely sufficient. In the interim Mr. Price, of the Blees company, had been sent up to Ebensburg to investigate the condition of Gould's business, and about 6 o'clock in the evening he telegraphed to Smith to "hold Gould and Libby for the full amount, as they had made way with everything." By this time they had left the city, but were intercepted at Lancaster by a telegram and brought back the following morning (Wednesday).—Smith then telegraphed to Ebensburg and had a warrant issued which was placed in the hands of Constable uGrley, who, telegraped to Policeman Ely to "bring both men to Ebensburg," which that officer proceeded to do. Upon arrival at Cresson a lawyer named Fenlon put in an appearance in response to a telegram from Gould, and raised the question as to the legality of the arrest by a Policeman Ely. The result was that the prisoners refused to go to Ebensburg, while the policeman appeared as if struck by a thunder-bolt. Smith was equal to the emergency, however, and out-witted Mr. Lawyer Fenlon by telegraphing to Ebensburg for a warrant for their arrest, which was answered soon afterward by the appearance of a constable in a sleigh, having driven from Ebensburg to Cressen—nine miles—in one hour. This made the fourth time that Gould and Libby had been arrested.

They were conveyed to the capital of Cambria and given a hearing the following day when bail was asked for in the sum of $2,500, but by this time no one could be found who would consent to become surety for them. Finally Mr. Gould offered $20 to any man who would bail them over night, lock them in a room at the hotel, and place a guard over their movements, when Hon. A. A. Barker took compassion upon them, entered bail and selected two men to watch over them during the night. The following morning they expressed a desire to settle the affair, after being fully convinced that it would be impossible to get away without doing so. They had disposed of one lot of machines at one-third their value, and had failed to account for property to the amount of $2,300. As a settlement was all that Mr. Smith asked, both parties set to work to bring about the desired result, and by noon of Thursday the Blees agents had recovered twenty-seven machines and had effected a settlement in full with their dishonest sub-agents. Mr. Smith's total loss by the transaction is about $200. It is reported that Gould and Libby have been bleeding the people of Cambria county for some time past by borrowing money and dealing in stock. Had it not been for the timely aid rendered by Mr. Kerr, of Ebensburg, the disdonest sowing machine agents would have made good their escape, and Mr. Smith's loss would have been most disastrous.

THERE'S sunshine after rain, dear friends,
There's sunshine after rain;
Though dark the clouds and fierce the storm,
There's sunshine after rain.
There's also an abundance of the best flour and the choicest groceries in the market at E. J. Mills' popular flour, feed and provision depot, and if you want to live high during the holidays you cannot do it at a less outlay than by investing your stamps at Mills' store.

Local Correspondence.

County Institute.

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

With your permission I wish to call the attention of your readers to the approaching county institute.

The institute will meet in Ebensburg on Monday, the 30th day of this month, and will continue in session until the following Friday. Railroad excursion ticket orders will be furnished to such teachers and directors as desire to attend, upon application to myself or to Mr. Geo. W. Cope. It is especially desirable that there be a large attendance of directors, particularly on Wednesday, the 1st day of January next, which we have set apart as "Directors' Day." All of that day, or such part of it as may be thought necessary by the directors present, will be appropriated to their use.

Among the more eminent strangers who are expected to be present, are Messrs. Henry Houck, Deputy State Superintendent; S. G. Boyd, late superintendent of York county; Geo. J. Luckey, City Superintendent of Pittsburgh, and Henry I. Gourley, also of Pittsburgh. Besides these, a large number of the teachers of the county will be on hand with various exercises adapted to the instruction and entertainment of the institute.

It is particularly desirable that certain teachers in the county who have heretofore been negligent in the matter of attending our institutes, should be present. The law makes a plain provision for reducing the grade of certificate where parties neglect the county institutes, and this provision of law will be regarded hereafter even more strictly than heretofore. Nor will Professional certificates in future be granted, let the acquirements of parties be what they may, unless those who desire them will both attend the institutes and take an active part in their exercises. Something more than certain mere "qualifications" will be insisted on in future.—Teachers who cannot or will not do anything for the success of the county institutes and the benefit of their fellow teachers, are not considered worthy to hold such certificates.

In conclusion, I wish to express the hope that directors will grant teachers the time spent in the institute. They may legally do this. There can be no question that the institute would be of great advantage to many of our teachers if they would attend, and thus indirectly our schools would be vastly benefited. Directors should take such steps as they can for the improvementt of our teachers and schools. Besides, I would suggest that possibly some districts might have much less difficulty in securing suitable teachers for their schools than they have had, if they would pursue a more generous policy towards their teachers when they have them.

Very truly, &c.,
T. J. CHAPMAN, Co. Supt.

SUMMERHILL TWP., Dec. 16, 1872.

Dear Freeman—Edw. Grew, of this township, as you have already stated, met with a terrible accident, by which he lost his right hand, on Tuesday of last week. As you gave no particulars I supply them here.—Mr. G. was helping to operate a threshing machine at the barn of Jas. McDunn. The machine in question is a one horse tramper, which is stopped by means of a brake applied to the band wheel, the table being on a level with the cylinder and the concave placed over the cylinder. The horse power had been stopped and the cylinder continued to run with terrible velocity, when Mr. Grew observing some unthreshed rubbish on the floor, picked it up and was in the act of pushing it into the thresher, when his thumb was caught by the spikes and his entire hand drawn in and torn off. Dr. Kern was immediately summoned, and Dr. W. Lowman, of Johnstown, telegraphed for. It was found necessary to amputate the arm above the wrist, which operation was performed by Dr. Lowman. Mr. Grew was removed to his home near Wilmore on the following day, and is doing as well as can be expected, and we hope soon to have the satisfaction to chronicle his recovery, as far as possible from the effects of this distressing accident.

The epizootic is epidemic here just now, but of an exceedingly mild type, and no horses as yet have died from the dreaded disease.

We noticed by last week's *Freeman* that the editor had been *son*-struck. Hope sonstroke will be chronic in your family hereafter, and that the little editors may grow up to be as good and useful men as their father. Ahem!

As we write the snow is falling thick and fast, with a good prospect for a continuation of the supply, which is already equal to the demand.

Yours, truly, SOLTERO.

COURT PROCEEDINGS.—Having been disappointed in receiving a report of Court doings for our last issue, we give below a resume of all cases not noted in our report of the week preceding. Court did not adjourn until Saturday evening:

John Coulter vs. Nutter & Sawyer. Plaintiff becomes nonsuit.

Samuel Brooks vs. Peter McAleer. Plaintiff becomes nonsuit. Defendant to tax no bill for witnesses and no docket fee.

Jefferson Smith vs. Wm. Wilson. Plaintiff becomes nonsuit.

Thos. B. Moore vs. Alfred C. Gibson, Executor, &c. Jury find for defendant.

Ann George vs. Nicholas Behe et al. Jury find 6¾ cents damages for plaintiff, and defendants to pay the costs.

Ellen Morris vs. Peter Moran. Def't confesses judgment for $50 and costs.

Anastasia Eager vs. Jacob Zern. Verdict for defendant.

Joseph G. Miller et al vs. Henry Hopple et al. Jury find for defendants.

Geo. Gates vs. Henry Wolf et al. Continued at cost of defendants, because of amended plea to this term and surprise of plaintiff.

Ed. Lewis vs. Geo. Gates Jr. Jury find for plaintiff, with six cents damages and six cents cost.

Michael Waltz et al vs. Patrick Rishin. Jury find for plaintiffs the sum of $70.

Sam'l Milliken vs. Elizabeth Cowan. Settled.

Sam'l Rider et al vs. E. R. Baker. Defendant confesses judgment to plaintiff for docket fees, and case ends.

Jas. Stephenson et al vs. Martin Woodley et al. Defendants confess judgment to plaintiffs for $50, with interest from date, payable June 3d, 1872, with costs of suit.

Margaret Snyder vs. Edw. Roberts. Defendant abandons all claim to the property claimed by plaintiff, and issue dismissed at his cost.

Joseph E. Gillingham et al vs. Edw. Roberts. On motion of defendant, issue dismissed at his cost.

DEATH OF A CENTENARIAN.—We are indebted to the Loretto correspondent of the *Herald* for the following facts in the life of Peter Kerrigan, who died at his residence in Allegheny township, on Wednesday, the 11th instant, at the patriarchal age of 99 years and 7 months. Mr. Kerrigan was perhaps the oldest inhabitant in the county. He was born in Virginia, in May, 1773, and was the son of a revolutionary soldier. His father came to Pennsylvania in 1784, and settled in Bedford county, on the Raystown branch of the Juniata. From there he removed to Westmoreland county, where Peter was married in 1806. About 1808 the father and son settled near Loretto, where the elder Kerrigan died in 1840. For several years Peter was employed by Rev. Demetrius A. Gallitzin, pastor of the Catholic church at Loretto, in superintending his grist mill in the vicinity of that place. For many years Mr. K. was very feeble and but seldom left his house, and as old age increased his infirmities, he became totally blind. He retained his faculties up to the moment of his death, however, and passed away calmly, leaving behind him a name for industry, integrity and true Christian piety which will long be held in grateful remembrance by his neighbors and friends.

EVERY farmer who owns a good stock of horses, cattle and sheep, and intends to keep them through the winter, should get at once a good stock of *Sheridan's Cavelry Condition Powders.* One dollars worth will save at least a half ton of hay.

PERSONS who have become thoroughly chilled from any cause, may have their circulation at once restored by taking into the stomach a tea-spoonful of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* mixed in a little cold water, well-sweetened.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THE PITTSBURG DAILY DISPATCH.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

Those of our readers who desire a first-class daily paper should by all means subscribe for the Pittsburgh DAILY DISPATCH, one of the largest, liveliest and cheapest papers in the United States. The DISPATCH has been established over a quarter of a century; is independent in politics, advocating always those measures which promise the greatest possible good to the largest possible number; gives daily thirty-six columns of matter, embracing the latest news by telegraph, the most reliable market reports, the latest cable telegrams, the freshest Legislative news, the latest Congressional reports, with all the news by mail, including the most interesting personal and political items, full telegraphic market reports from all points of importance, east and west, and much other matter of an entertaining and instructive character. It is the most widely circulated paper in the State, outside of Philadelphia, its daily edition being now considerable over 13,000, and new subscribers are every day being added to its lists. Terms per year to mail subscribers, $8.00, or it can be ordered through agents in an town or village within one hundred and fifty miles of Pittsburgh, at fifteen cents per week

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

To those wishing a good and reliable city weekly we would recommend the Pittsburg WEEKLY DISPATCH, one of the handsomest, cheapest and most reliable papers published. The WEEKLY DISPATCH gives thirty-six columns of matter, printed in clear large type, and is one the best, as it has long been one of the cheapest, if not *the* cheapest, weeklies in the country. It contains all the latest news of the day—political, commercial and general—and as an entertaining and instructive and acceptable family journal is not excelled by any in the country.

The WEEKLY DISPATCH is furnished to single subscribers at $1.50 a year, or in clubs of ten to one address at $1.00 each, with a free paper to the party getting up the club. Subscribers may remit by mail either in money or by Post-office Order, which is the safer mode. Postmasters receiving subscribers for the DISPATCH, either DAILY or WEEKLY, are authorized to retain twenty per cent. on published rates for single subscribers, or ten per cent. on our club rates. Address, O'NEILL & ROOK, publishers of DAILY and WEEKLY DISPATCH (DISPATCH Iron Building), 67 and 69 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg, Pa. 3t.

CHILD STOLEN.—On Saturday evening last, about eight o'clock, Rhetty, a two-year old daughter of Mr. Wm. McDonald, residing on Mifflin street, between 4th and 5th streets, in this borough, was stolen from its home, and carried around to the lot of Mr. Thomas on Fifth street, where it was laid and covered over with some straw. Mr. McDonald was absent from home at the time, and Mrs. McDonald had gone up stairs but a few moments before the child was stolen, leaving one child sleeping on a lounge, and the stolen baby awake and sitting on the floor. She was up stairs but a short time, and on coming down and finding her babe stolen, she immediately gave the alarm, and the neighbors at once assisted in the search. The child was found by a passer-by, who, whilst going along Fifth street, heard the child crying, and was thereby attracted to its whereabouts. The night was cold, and had it not been discovered at the time, it would no doubt have perished. Who the heartless kidnapper was is now the mystery to be solved, and it is to be hoped that all clues bearing upon the fiendish act may be gleaned and the guilty abductor punished severely. —*Huntingdon Globe.*

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE BELL'S GAP RAILROAD.—On Monday lass a young man named Benjamin Bowers, residing with his mother at Bell's Mills, was killed on the Bell's Gap railroad. He was coming down the heavy grade, in charge of a truck, at a high rate of speed, although having been previously cautioned not to run fast. Ignorant of the fact that the progress of the truck that had preceded the one which he had charge of had been impeded by coming in contact with a snow-drift, young Bowers dashed into it with a terrible crash, the concussion throwing him forward on the front car, from which he fell to the track, and his body was run over by the car that he had charge of, injuring him so severely as to cause his death a short time afterward. The accident occurred about three miles above Bell's Mills, and had the effect of driving the front car through the snow drift, and being unmanned started it down the mountain at a terrific rate of speed, jumping the track at Bell's Mills, demolishing Dr. Clark's corn crib, running over a wood pile, and razing the fence surrounding the premises of Rev. Jos. H. Mathers.—*Altoona Tribune.*

CONSUMPTIVES, DELAY NO MORE.—Do you wish to wait until that fatal disease which has brought death and disorder into families, and filled many hearts with sorrow, has completely seated itself, before you do anything for it? If not, go at once and buy half a dozen bottles of Dr. Keyser's Lung Cure, take them, and stop the disease. It will do it without fail. If you can do so, go and consult the Doctor a his office, and have him examine your lungs. He is a thoroughly educated physician, of vast experience, and has proved by his cures that what he does not know in the treatment of Chronic diseases of any kind is hardly worth knowing.

Dr. Keyser's office, 107 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa. An assay sent free to all who order it. Price of Lung Cure, $1.50, or $7.50 per half dozen.

FATAL ACCIDENT.—On Monday morning of last week the body of a man named William Long was found on the track of the branch road near Canan's station. He was terribly mangled, being almost literally cut to pieces. Whether he was killed by the early train, or whether he died from exposure, will perhaps never be definitely known. He was seen about Canan's station on the previous evening, evidently under the influence of strong drink. From that time until the discovery of his remains in the morning nothing is known of his movements. Deceased was a cripple, having had his feet frozen off several years ago. —*Hollidaysburg Standard.*

HARRISBURG PATRIOT.—The prospectus of the Harrisburg *Patriot* for 1873, will be found in another column. The *Patriot* is the central organ of the Democracy of the State and continues to maintain its well established reputation as one of the best and most ably conducted journals in the commonwealth. The *Weekly Patriot* is a mammoth sheet, which any person who is desirous of obtaining all the reliable news of the day can easily afford to subscribe for. His money cannot be applied to a better purpose, or one which will more certainly repay him for the investment.

SINGULAR AND FATAL ACCIDENT.—A man named David Barr, a former resident of Hollidaysburg, came to his death on Wednesday last, at or near McKee's Gap, in this county, in the following simple manner.—He was engaged in butchering hogs and went up stairs to get a hatchet, and while descending the stairs, the ice on the heels of his boots caused him to slip, when he fell upon the edge of the hatchet, severing his jugular vein and causing death in a few minutes.—*Altoona Sun.*

CHAPPED hands, face, rough skin, pimples, ringworm, salt-rheum, and other cutaneous affections cured, and the skin made soft and smooth, by using the JUNIPER TAR SOAP, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York. Be certain to get the *Juniper Tar Soap*, as there are many worthless imitations made with common tar. [n.15.-12w.]

THE PUREST AND SWEETEST COD-LIVER OIL is Hazard & Caswell's, made on the sea shore, from fresh, selected livers, by CASWELL, HAZARD & CO., New York. It is absolutely *pure* and *sweet*. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians have decided it superior to any of the other oils in market. [12w.]

GO AND SEE FOR YOURSELF!—Andy Foster, of the well known firm of Geis & Foster, was in New York and Philadelphia recently, and as his experience in the purchase of dry goods of the newest patterns, latest styles and best quality is well known we expect to see a rush of customers to that establishment when this fact becomes generally known. Geis & Foster have the largest and best selected stock of dry goods in this city, but the firm desire to call particular attention to the department allotted to

CARPETS!

One portion of their large store is devoted to the sale of carpets, and as they buy an immense stock at a time they are necessarily enabled to buy and sell cheaper than any other store in town. Visit Geis & Foster's mammoth store on Clinton street, Johnstown, and examine their goods and prices and we are sure you will patronize the firm.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Mattresses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. MCLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. ☞ "Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

Estate Notice.

THE undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of M. M. ADAMS, late of Cresson, Cambria co., dec'd, hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same are requested to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JNO. E. SCANLAN, Executor.
Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1872.-6t.

STRAY HOG.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Blacklick township, Cambria county, about the latter part of November, a large WHITE HOG (barrow), about one year and a half old, with both ears and the tail cut off. The owner is hereby notified that if all the requirements in such cases are not complied with in due time, the hog will be sold as the law directs.

Blacklick Twp., Dec. 20, 1872.-3t.

NEW STOCK. Fall Trade, 1872-'73.

Watches, Diamonds, Jewelry and Clocks,

EXCLUSIVELY WHOLESALE.

G. B. Barrett & Co.,

12-20. No. 60 FIFTH Avenue, Pittsburgh. 1m.

PUBLIC SALE OF PERSONAL PROPERTY.

THE undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of MATTHEW M. ADAMS, deceased, will offer at public sale, at Cresson, Cambria county, on MONDAY, DEC. 30th, 1872, at 10 o'clock, A. M., the following personal property, to wit: 4 Horses, 3 Cows, 3 Buggies, Harness, Saddles, Bridles, 2 Stoves, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Bacon, Hardware, Tinware, Stoneware, Notions, Show-Case, Office Furniture, &c., &c. Also, 250,000 feet of Ash, Cherry, Hemlock, Linn and Poplar Lumber. A reasonable credit will be given.

Dec. 2, 1872.-2t. JNO. E. SCANLAN.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE
REAL and PERSONAL PROPERTY
In Ebensburg and Vicinity.

BY virtue of a decree of the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, the undersigned will sell at public outcry, on the premises, commencing

AT 10 O'CLOCK, A. M., ON

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1873,

the following described Real and Personal Property, to wit:

A Large New PLANING MILL

80 by 60 feet, two stories and basement, with a Boiler Shop 80 by 30 feet, both containing a new 40 HORSE-POWER ENGINE, large double flue BOILER, BALLESTER MACHINE, CIRCULAR SAWS, LATHES, and the necessary Pulleys, Shafting, Belting, &c.—fronting on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad—with about ONE ACRE OF GROUND, on which the above described property stands. The Mill and Machinery are nearly all new and constructed in the most complete and modern style for manufacturing Handles, Brush Blocks, Stair Balusters, &c. Also,

A Full Lot of Ground

66 by 264 feet, fronting on High street, having thereon erected a two story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE, and OUTBUILDINGS, with a large number of choice fruit trees, etc. Also,

5 Acres and 100 Perches of Land

situate in Cambria township, about one-fourth mile from Ebensburg, well fenced and in good condition. Very desirable for meadow or pasture. Also,

7 Lots of Ground

situate at the forks of the Huntingdon, Indiana and Pittsburg Turnpikes, partly in the borough of Ebensburg, known by the Nos. 1, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10 on Myers' plan; fenced and well inproved. Very desirable as building lots. There is a one-and-a-half story FRAME DWELLING HOUSE, STABLE, &c., on Lot No. 10.

Also, at same time and place, the following

Valuable Personal Property!

will be offered for sale, to wit: 1 Elliott Excentric Lathe, 1 Saw Mandril, 3 Cast Iron Jullers, 1 Mortising Machine, Circular Saws, Coal Stoves, Grate Bars, Tie Yarn, &c. Also, 1,000 feet of Cherry, Ash, Maple and Poplar Lumber, 4,000 Cherry Ballesters, 8,000 Handles, 268 gross of planed ash Scrub, Horse and Shoe Brush Blocks, &c., &c., in and about the Mill.

☞ All which Real Estate and Personal Property will be sold clear of all mortgages, liens, debts and encumbrances. By order of the said Court.

Terms made known on day of sale.

GEORGE HUNTLEY.

Ebensburg, Dec. 20, 1872.-3t.

Estate Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the estate of DANIEL CARNEY, late of Munster township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned by the Register of Cambria county, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims will present them fully authenticated for settlement.

ROSE CARNEY, Administratrix.
Munster Twp., Dec. 13, 1872.-3t.*

Estate Notice.

HAVING taken out Letters of Administration on the Estate of PATRICK CARLAND, late of Gallitzin township, Cambria county, deceased, the subscriber hereby notifies all persons indebted to said estate that payment must be made without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

THOMAS CARLAND, Administrator.
Altoona, Dec. 13, 1873.-6t.

Stray Bull.

CAME to the premises of the subscriber, in Washington township, one and a half miles north of Lilly's Station, on or about the 15th ult., a year and a half old BLACK BULL. No other color or marks on him. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away; otherwise he will be disposed of according to law.

Washington Twp., Dec. 13, 1872.-3t.*

Stray Heifer.

CAME to the residence of the subscriber, at Portage Station, Cambria county, some time during last summer, a DARK BROWN HEIFER, one year old past, with white belly and a small slit in the right ear. The owner is hereby notified that unless he appears, proves property, pays all charges and takes her away, she will be sold as the law directs.

Dec. 13.-3t. ANDREW CULLEN.

Knabe & Co.'s Pianos,
Haines & Bro.'s Pianos, and
Geo. A. Prince & Co.'s Organs.

The three best and most popular Instruments now in the market. Catalogue and Price Lists, containing full particulars, mailed to any address. CHARLOTTE BLUME, 19 SIXTH AVE., PITTSBURGH, PA., *Sole Agent.* [12-6.-3m.]

STRAY BULL.—Came to the residence of the subscriber on or about the 8th of November last, a YEARLING BULL of a dark brindle color, with a white spot on one side. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property and take it away, otherwise it will be disposed of according to law.

MATTHEW DIGNAN.
Tunnel Hill, Dec. 13, 1872.-3t.-5*

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in front room of T. J. Lloyd's new building, Centre street. All manner of legal business attended to satisfactorily, and collections a specialty. [13-14.tf.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

A GREAT COMBINATION

and the very best business opportunity ever offered, is to be found in an Agency for taking subscriptions to

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S

Great LITERARY FAMILY NEWSPAPER, with which is given away the largest and best Premium Picture ever offered, the new and exquisite

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The great discovery for the relief of pain and a sure and

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

BY C. D. CLARK.

In the spring of '67 I was traveling in the central part of New York, and reaching Geneva, concluded to leave the Central and go down Seneca Lake.

It is a delightful trip, as any one who has passed down that beautiful sheet of water can testify. The sky had not a cloud, the bold hills which hemmed the tranquil lake into its basin were green in their early verdure, and the surface of the lake was not disturbed save when a great fish leaped up, glanced a moment in the sunbeams and disappeared in the calm depths. An uneasy vagabond, it has been my fortune to look upon much beautiful scenery, but seldom any more beautiful than this.

But I did not start to tell about the scenery. As I stepped on board I saw a plainly-dressed man, with a rather knowing face, looking at me keenly, and tho't nothing of it at the time, until my attention was called to the fact that he was watching me in a singularly unpleasant manner.

Lighting a cigar—I am one of the tobacco victims of whom we read so much in the daily press—I strolled forward, and leaning against the rail, I took out my note book, and jotting down such points in the scenery as struck me, until a magnetic power caused me to look up, and there was my friend peering at me steadily through the cabin window.

As I looked up his face took on a vacant look, and he strolled away, whistling in a minor key, and I did not see him again until the bell rang for dinner, when he was placed just opposite me.

At dinner I usually give my whole attention to the good things of this life, and if the company made anything out of the price of that meal it must become fabulously rich on the profits it made on the other fellows, for I could give them odds and beat them every time.

Two or three times I caught the man's eye; but whenever I did so, the old, abstracted look showed itself, and his eyes explored vacancy; and shortly after he arose and said something in a whisper to the captain, who started, and looked at me quickly, and the man shook his head and went out followed by the captain.

As I finished my meal, and everything within my reach was a ghastly ruin, I followed him on deck and found them in close consultation forward. I heard the captain say:

"Are you sure, now, Jim? He is a hard-looking customer, but I don't think he would be so mean as that."

"I tell you he is a noted character, and we have been after him for three months. Hush! Here he comes."

Before that fellow had spoken to the captain we had been very social, but now he suddenly cooled toward me, and edged away whenever I approached, apparently desirous of getting as far out of my reach as possible; and, no matter where I went, that watchful man kept me in sight, and I began to realize that he was watching me.

"Now my friend," I said, turning suddenly upon him, "what the—adversary of man—do you want? Do you see anything peculiar in my appearance?"

He made no reply, but beckoned to another man near at hand, who came forward.

"Now, sir," he said, "don't let us have any trouble about this little affair. I arrest you, Sam Baines, for the murder of John Edick, of Syracuse!"

And before I had time to wink, he had the irons on me. The other man took hold of me on the other side, and they shoved me into the captain's state-room, and followed me in.

"You may as well take it easy, Sam," said the detective. "Now, see here, I got orders to wait at Geneva, and watch the cars. The person I am to take is a fleshy man of middle size."

"Yes."

"Black valise, red nose—"

"That's me," I replied.

"Smokes a good deal—"

"Yes."

"Has a dissipated air, and wears his clothes as if they were made for somebody else; mole on his right cheek; light drab suit and blue necktie; hair parted on the right side. Now, if you sat for your portrait I couldn't get a better picture of the man."

"All right," I said desperately. "I'm a murderer, of course—I'm a felon, flying from the law. Why, what a cussed fool you must be not to know that a hundred men of that description travel over the Central every day."

"Talks nice, don't he, Bob?" said the detective, admiringly. "He might pull the wool over anybody's eyes except ours. Now you watch him until I come back."

He went away, and the man, after showing me a pistol and warning me that he would use it if I tried to escape, sat down in front of me, evidently bent on having my life if I made a move.

I was not mad enough to dare him to do his worst, and there we sat for an hour, facing each other, when the first man came back and relieved his mate. I tried to convince the fellow that I was nothing more dangerous than a common scribbler, but it was no use. He gave me credit for playing it well, and finally yielded to my persuasion far enough to agree to watch the passengers, and arrest the "fellow that looks like me," if he was on the boat.

We went ashore at Watkins, and it was decidedly pleasant, as we sat in the station waiting for the train, to hear the encomiums lavished upon my personal appearance by persons about. The detective went to the telegraph office and sent a dispatch:

"I've got Bains. S."

The answer came back directly:

"Have you? So have I! Let your man go or he'll make you trouble. D."

That detective came back with a face as long as a rail, took off my bracelets, and I was once more a free man.

It would have done you good to hear the choice selections from polite literature which I showed upon him before the train started; but I came to the conclusion that it was better not to say anything about it at home, for if it came to Dan's ears I might as well emigrate.

When I next visited Syracuse I went to see my double, and at once forgave the detective. It is pleasant to think he is hung, for there is no telling what scrape he might have got me into. He would have passed for my twin brother anywhere, and I don't want any brothers of that sort.

TO CLEAN SMOKEY PAPER HANGINGS.—Take a piece of wood of the shape of a scrubbing brush, nail a handle on the back, then on the face nail a piece of dried sheepskin with the wool upon it, or flax or tow will do, or cotton, flannel of several thicknesses will answer very well. Dip this brush on the upper part of the room first—protecting the carpet with matting or newspaper, the whiting-dust being hard to sweep off a carpet. The whiting that remains on the wall is easily brushed off with a soft cloth attached to a stick. It is very effectual if the room is not damp and the whiting is dry.

"I AM a self-made man," said a native of Stonington the other day to a New York gentleman, with whom he had been driving a sharp bargain. "Glad to hear you say so," responded the New Yorker, who had been worsted in the trade, "for it relieves the Lord of a great responsibility."

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To substantiate our assertions, we give the following as the opinions of several reliable gentlemen, residents of Seneca county, Ohio, who have given the "CLEANER" a thorough trial:

We, the undersigned, have thoroughly tested the *Buckeye Grain and Seed Cleaner*, and believe it to be superior to any one in use for cleaning *Wheat*, or other small seeds, for market or for sowing, as it separates every grain of *Chess, Cockle* or *Rye* from *Wheat* designed for seed, and all *Red Dock* from *Timothy*, and all wild vine seed from *Flax*, so as to render each particular kind of seed designed for sowing purposes *pure and entirely free from filth and foreign grains*.

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Ebensburg, March 20, '72. Cambria House

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Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. Says a distinguished physiologist: There is scarcely an individual upon the face of the earth whose body is exempt from the presence of worms. It is not upon the healthy elements of the body that worms exist, but upon the diseased humors and slimy deposits that breed these living monsters of disease. No system of Medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics, will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

Mechanical Diseases. Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Painters, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS once or twice a week, as a Preventive.

Bilious, Remittent, and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. There are always more or less obstructions of the liver, a weakness and irritable state of the stomach, and great torpor of the bowels, being clogged up with accumulations. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goiter, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc., etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

Dr. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters act on all these cases in a similar manner. By purifying the Blood they remove the cause, and by resolving away the effects of the inflammation (the tubercular deposits) the affected parts receive health, and a permanent cure is effected.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic and Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

The Aperient and mild Laxative properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are the best safeguard in all cases of eruptions and malignant fevers, their balsamic, healing, and soothing properties protect the humors of the fauces. Their Sedative properties allay pain in the nervous system, stomach, and bowels, either from inflammation, wind, colic, cramps, etc. Their Counter-Irritant influence extends throughout the system. Their Diuretic properties act on the Kidneys, correcting and regulating the flow of urine. Their Anti-Bilious properties stimulate the liver, in the secretion of bile, and its discharges through the biliary ducts, and are superior to all remedial agents, for the cure of Bilious Fever, Fever and Ague, etc.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus forearmed. The liver, the stomach, the bowels, the kidneys, and the nerves are rendered disease-proof by this great invigorator.

Directions.—Take of the Bitters on going to bed at night from a half to one and one-half wine-glassfull. Eat good nourishing food, such as beef steak, mutton chop, venison, roast beef, and vegetables, and take out-door exercise. They are composed of purely vegetable ingredients, and may be used at any time with safety.

J. WALKER, Prop'r. R. H. McDONALD & CO., Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, Cal., and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., New York.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

CARRIAGE MANUFACTORY!

SAMPLE STREET,

Near Union School House, Ebensburg,

THE subscriber desires to call the attention of the citizens of Cambria and adjoining counties to the fact that he has now in successful operation in Ebensburg a Shop for the manufacture and repair of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES, SULKIES,

Spring Wagons, Sleighs,

And all other description of Work in that line.

Employing none but skillful workmen and using only the best materials, I feel confident I can give entire satisfaction in work, styles and prices.

Platform work done at short notice. Repairing of all kind attended to at reasonable rates.

A Blacksmith Shop in connection with Manufactory. Call and see specimens of work.
June 22, 1872.-tf. D. M. CHUTE.

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PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!

MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 22, 1871-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!

131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.

JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.

MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, ANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.

☞ Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

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WOOLEN FACTORY!

HAVING introduced new machinery into our Woolen Factory, we are now prepared to manufacture on short notice, CLOTHS, CASSINETS, BLANKETS, FLANNELS of all styles STOCKING YARNS, &c., &c.

☞ Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.
T. M. JONES & SONS.
Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

CURES THE WORST PAINS

In from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,

no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,
PALPITATION OF THE HEART
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,
CATARRH, INFLUENZA,
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the waste of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and Joints, Pains in the Bones, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.

If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the waste and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material, from healthy blood, he will find the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure,

Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back, and along the Loins. Price, $1 00.

WORMS.—The only known and sure Remedy for *Worms—Pin, Tape, etc.*

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

BRYERLY, MASS., July 15, 1869.

DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried every thing that was recommended; but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.

HANNAH P. KNAPP.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Liver, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs. Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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